

Punch



SPRING CLEANING SCHEDULE

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2. TINTORETTO
3. REMBRANDT
4. JAN VAN EYCK



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by
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MAY 19 1961

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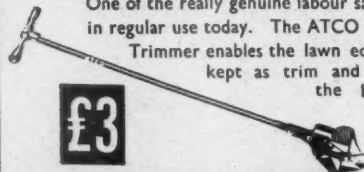
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The University of Schweppshire



MUSICAL CHAIRS WEEK. Every year, at the height of the Schweppshire summer, the colleges meet each other in their traditional university sport. This year is the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of these games, and the rivalry is keen, even though Old Keys have maintained their position as head of the chair run for one hundred and twenty-eight consecutive years. Traditionally, the seats or "fits" still bear the shape of the Louis Schwept chairs originally used; and the piano must be played with the soft pedal down to approximate to the tone of the original virginals.

During actual play the college men shout encouraging cries which seem Greek to the uninitiated. "Boast your rims, Huggers," or that never-to-be-forgotten chant "Bo-untz, bounce-bounce-bounce". Religiously, every year old Pinks return to the scene of former glories to discuss the contrasting merits of "parlours," as the chair-meadows are called. Everybody who is anybody knows that the diagonal of All Keys is slightly on the skew, and that the holding qualities of the turf or quad-grass of St. Beavermere's is unreliable. Schwisden's Musical Chairs Almanack is full of strange records and extraordinary coincidences, and woe to the visiting relative who does not know the different accomplishments of Mold (G. W.) and Mold (A. G. K. O.). Particularly valued are the trophies of Mold (T. T. de P.).

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Hint

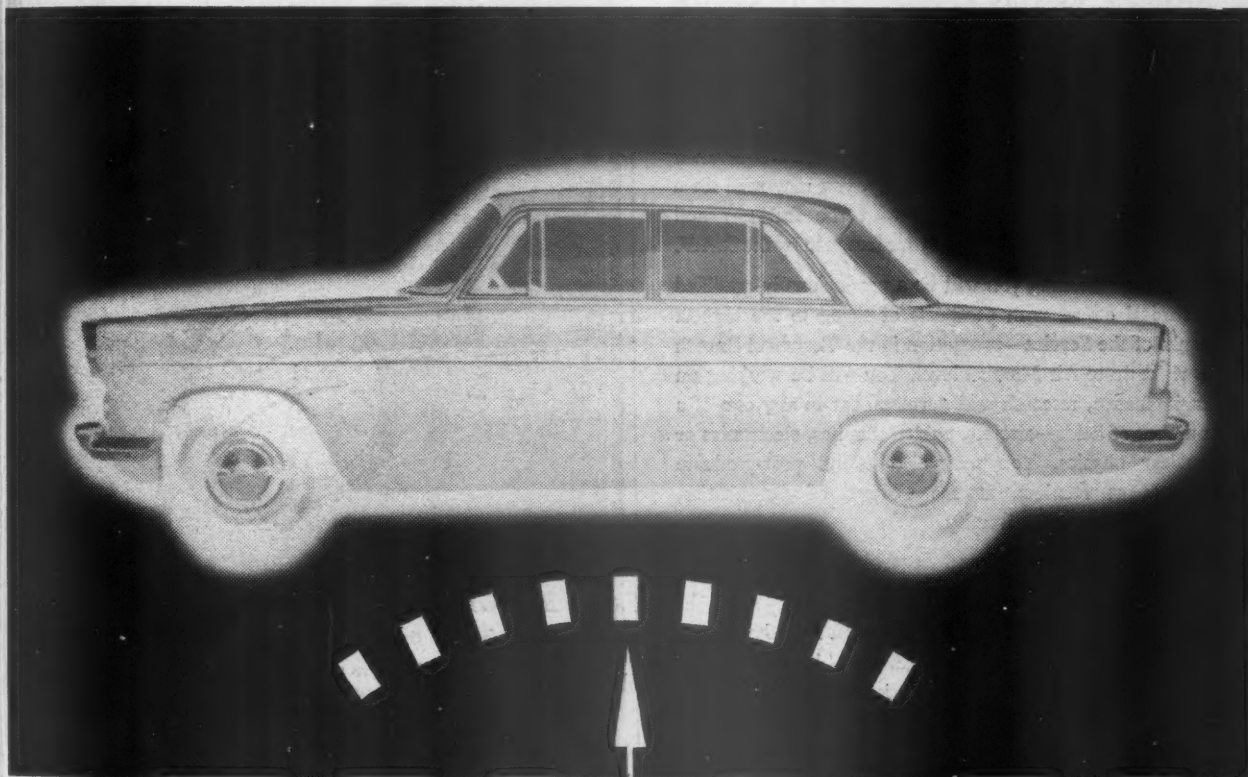
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If you are technically-minded and ambitious you are offered the chance of a commission in the Technical Branch of the Royal Air Force—one of the most challenging careers in Britain today.

Should your application be successful you will enter the R.A.F. Technical College at Henlow to study for the Diploma in Technology (Engineering) which is equivalent to an Honours degree. Alternatively, you may read for a science degree at University—with the full pay and allowances of an officer and all your fees paid by the R.A.F.

After your training you will be a professionally-qualified technical officer with prospects of rising to the highest ranks of the Service—promotion in the Technical Branch is right up to Air Marshal level. You will be working on maintenance, research and development in any one of a number of fields—aircraft, guided missiles, electronics or nuclear physics. You may also attend post-graduate courses at Henlow, at the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, or at a University.

You will have a vital and absorbing career, and the rewards to the right man are very high indeed.

How you qualify for entry. You must be 17-19½ and hold or expect to gain G.C.E. at 'A' level in physics and pure and applied mathematics. Also 'O' level in English language, chemistry and two other subjects.

R.A.F. Scholarships worth up to £230 a year are available to boys over 15 years 8 months on August 31st 1961 to enable them to stay at school until they qualify for Henlow.

Act Now! The next Henlow entry is in October 1961. The closing date for applications is May 31st. If you would like further details of Technical Cadetships or Scholarships, write, before May 15th, giving your date of birth and educational qualifications, to Group Captain J. N. Ogle, A.F.C., A.F.M., Air Ministry (PU 812), Adastral House, London, W.C.1.

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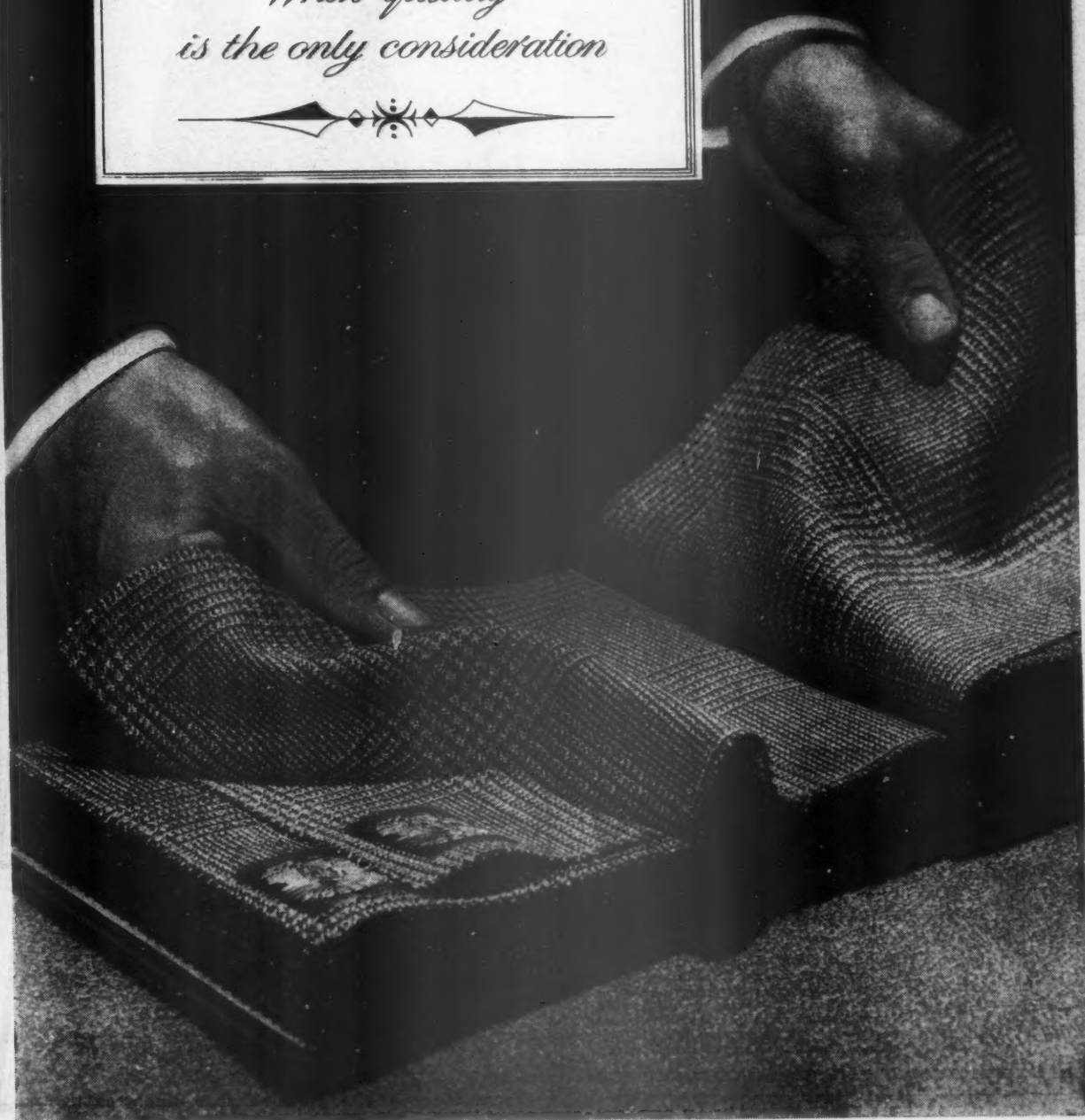
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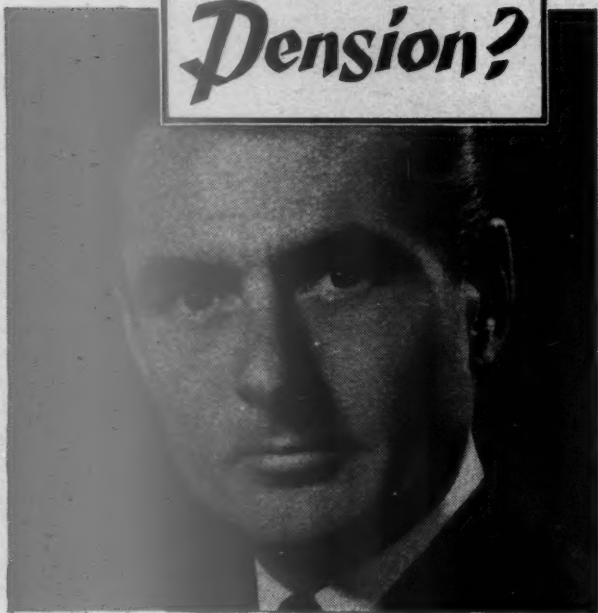


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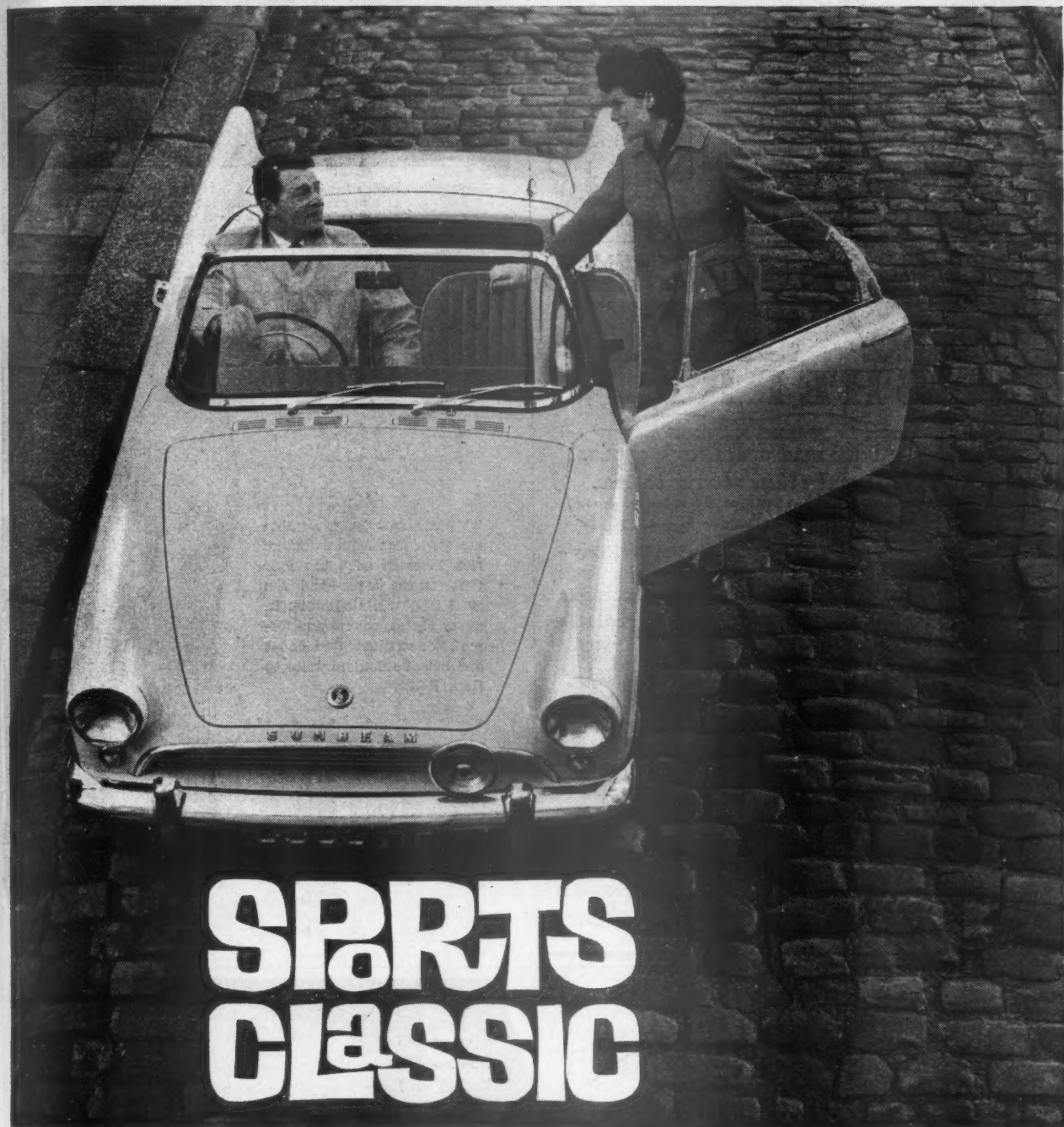
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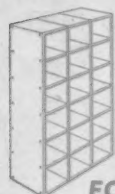


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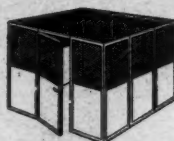
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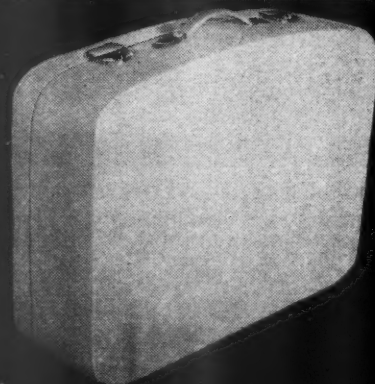
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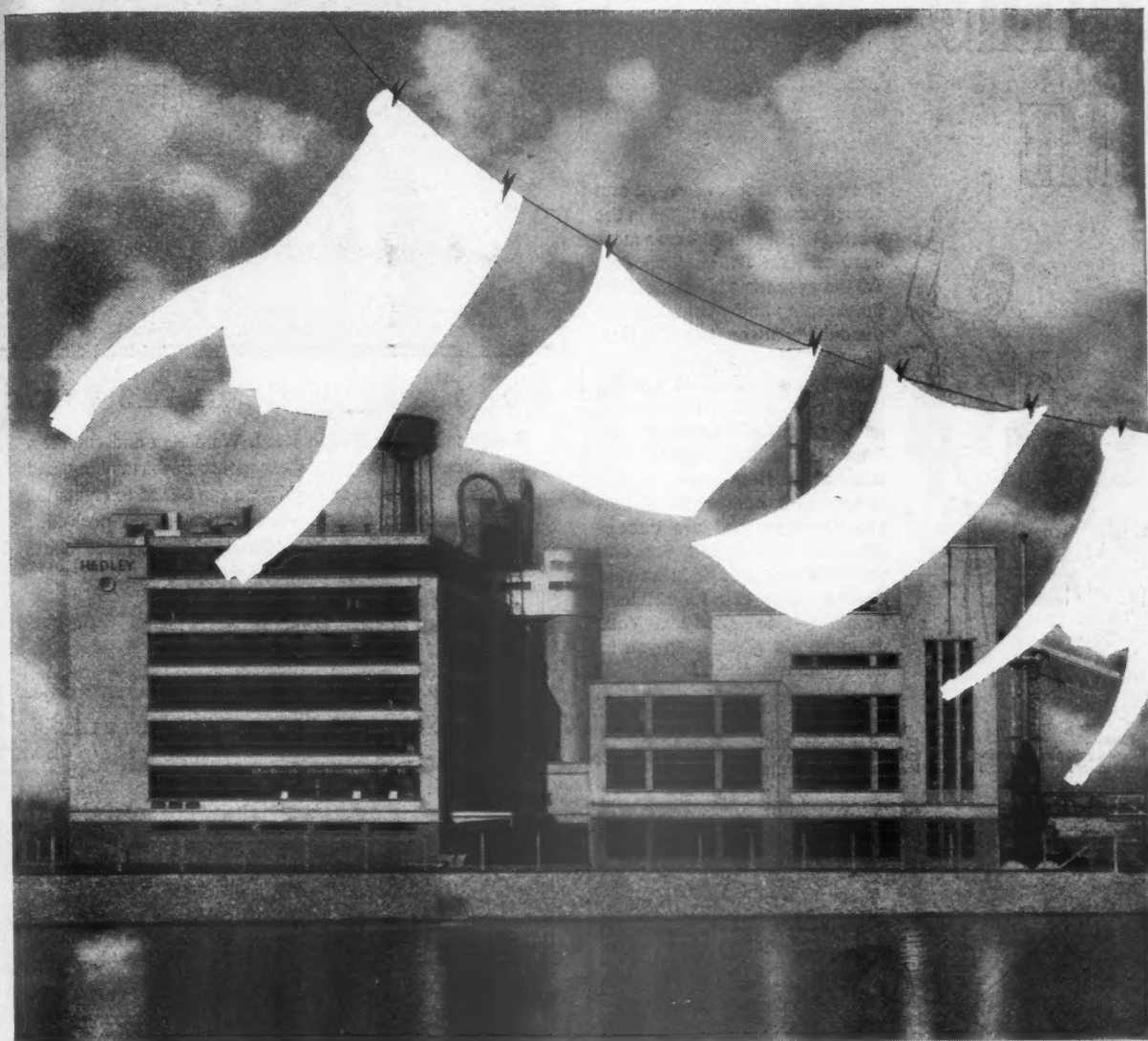
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Revelation





Hedley get dazzling results - on Coal

FOR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, washday meant backbreaking toil, and the energetic use of a scrubbing brush and a bar of soap in a choking atmosphere of billowing steam. For her grand-daughter, washday means the flick of a switch and the amazing cleansing power of soap powders like Oxydol and Fairy Snow, detergents like Tide and Daz—all the result of tireless research and modern manufacturing methods.

The three factories of Thomas Hedley & Co. Limited turn out over 500 million packets of washing products a year. When the choice of fuels was examined,

Hedley engineers chose *coal* because a careful study of operating and capital costs showed it to be the most economical fuel: because coal—mechanically stoked—is smokeless; and because British coalfields can supply all the coal that industry will need both now and in the foreseeable future.

If your voice is a deciding one in the choice of fuels for your factory, remember Hedley. Beneath their smokeless chimneys lies a wealth of knowledge and applied experience. Hedley say *coal*. The same decision can give *your* product a brighter future.

Here are some key facts and figures about the consumption of coal at the three Hedley factories:

Boilers: 8 water tube

Method of firing: 6 Underfeed and 2 Chain grate stokers

Steam pressure: 475, 460 and 160 p.s.i.

Steam temperature: Saturated and 100° superheat

Annual fuel consumption: ..Over 45,000 tons of coal

SOLID FUEL—more heat at less cost—and it's British

PROGRESSIVE INDUSTRY IS GOING FORWARD ON

COAL

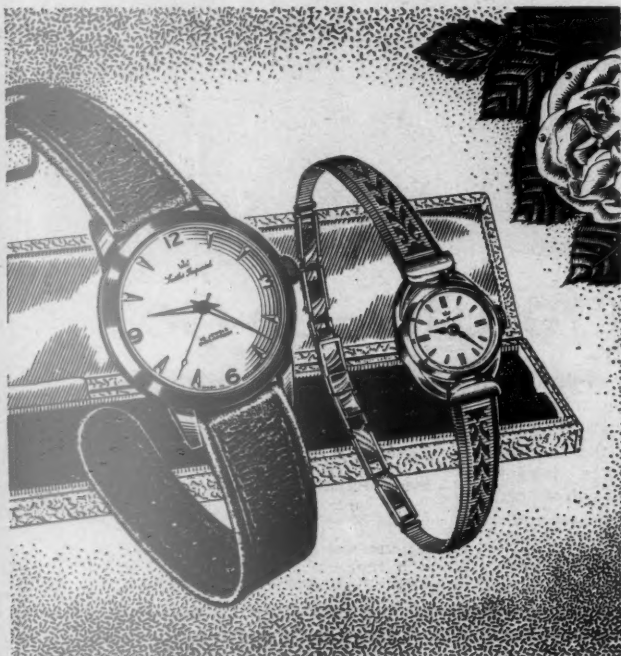
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19 jewel gold plated water-
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1.701
17 jewel movement. Rolled
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When the heat of the day closes in on you,
make straight for the Rose's bottle. Water
or soda-water, a lump of ice. Rose's to
taste. Taste! Refreshing coolness comes
over you in waves. You feel permanently
better. And, for an extra lift, try today's
most exciting cocktail: one part of Rose's
to two of gin or vodka. However you mix
Rose's Lime Juice, the result always is...

... the most refreshing drink in the world



When new rails are brought out to the rail bank ready for delivery they inspect them for straightness, true angles and flaws in the metal and that's what I'm doing at Workington Iron and Steel Company where they roll not only lots of rails like these for British Railways but a good share of all the rails exported from Britain

boy on the bank

and of course they have to be very particular that rails are absolutely straight and sound and these rails weigh nearly a ton each so it's a big job but all in the day's work for US.



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PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6293
April 26 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 666.

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The London Charivari

THE Home Secretary is a great one for pursuing inconsistent lines of policy with equally-distributed sincerity, and his address to the Conservative Woman's Conference provided a classic instance. He was, he told them, "aghast" at the current crime figures; and a moment later he was announcing his intention to compensate the victims of crime. Surely he can deduce from the experience of the National Health Service the elementary, if misleading, conclusion that the result of compensating victims of crime will be to send crime rocketing up. In the first place, criminals who have any feelings about their victims can now legitimately disembarrass themselves of such a handicap; and in the second place, victims may well prefer to accept a moderate blow on the head with the prospect of a handout from the Treasury rather than resist attack and risk a knife in the ribs.

K.M. and all That

NEXT month the Royal Society of Literature will name the first ten authors entitled to put "C. Litt." after



their names. I hope that potential Companions are not indulging in any of the hacking and gouging that went on in literary circles when George III proposed to establish an order of knighthood for authors: the Order of Minerva. It was to rank just after the

Order of the Bath and there were to be twenty-four beneficiaries; but the monarch, appalled by the jealousies stirred up in the higher reaches of Grub Street, dropped the proposal and, in the words of the historian Huish, "the self-elected Knights of Minerva returned to their garrets."

I Belong to Swindon

COUNTER-MAGNETS to London must be created, say the Town and Country Planning Association, to check migration to the Great Wen, and to fill the bill they name, among other places, Basingstoke, Swindon and, on a smaller scale, King's Lynn. I suppose

"Come on, Puss: only five miles to Wem (Salop)."



the heady glamour that means home to far-flung exiles can be simulated—any handyman can run up an imitation Eros in the twinkling of a chisel—but I'm not certain that a modern Johnson, swilling endless cups of tea in Hampshire, could carry his point quite home, however loudly he shouted "Sir!" first, by declaiming "The man who is tired of Basingstoke is tired of life."

Tell Me, Actor . . .

MANY people, reading that commercial television is now to have "expert medical advice" about



Hollowood

"You don't understand—until last week I was respected, envied, in the surtax bracket—and now, suddenly . . ."

advertisements for medicines are hoping for the disappearance from the natural break of the unmistakable "doctor" in his unmistakable "consulting-room" looking into our very gizzards and showing us a bottle of the only thing to put us right. But the chances are that this has never cut any ice anyway with the vast NHS population who know by this time that in fact no doctor and no consulting-room ever looked like this.

Flowers, Ancient and Modern

WHEN you enter a New York florist's now they ask "Modern or antique?" meaning the exquisite factory-turned improvement or that dreary old thing that grows in earth. Hair, jewels, complexions, grass, they all come now fresh from the production lines. Even the scents can be sprayed on. Forty years on some folk-lorist building up a collection may come across a sport wildling rose in a cranny accessible only to rock-climbers, as an Arab stumbles on a papyrus in a cave, and write a letter to the papers ecstasising "This must be the thing Shakespeare meant."

Glimpse of Glory

WHILE singing opera in English a tenor suddenly gave one aria in Italian so that the audience could hear how the great Italian singers had sounded. If this kind of thing spreads, Macbeth will be doing the "To-morrow and to-morrow" speech in the style of

Irving and one scene of every Anouilh will be played in the original French. Talk about "producers' theatre"!

Deducted at Source

FOR most of the last twenty years I've been hoping for an end to the "way of life" as a fine phrase. Prospects weren't too bright until last week, when an article on the need for birth-control in over-populated India advocated "acceptance of family planning as a way of life." Has a knell at last been sounded?

Keep Him Well Under, Mr. Smith

I SEE that a distinguished doctor was himself on the receiving end of an operation recently, but "did not instruct his surgeon" on the best way to go about the job. This seems reasonable. Nothing upsets the man with the knife, on the brink of an incision, more than a cry of "Lower down, man!" from the table—followed by an empurpled demand to "watch my blood pressure, you idiot!"

More Space Trouble

ALL these demonstrations by prisoners at Walton, Brixton, Wandsworth, Pentonville, Maidstone, Shrewsbury and the rest are officially said to be a mark of protest against



"You can get all that here. A Farina styled car, Italian cut suits, Italian imported shoes . . ."

THE LONDON CHARIVARI

Starting next week, we shall calmly annex this historic title from the feature on this and the previous page and attach it to a new feature in which we shall offer our readers

a brief guide to London entertainments.

By way of compensation, the feature on this and the previous page will revert to the equally historic name of
CHARIVARIA

overcrowding. This seems to be something the demonstrators should have thought of before.

Anybody Here Named Ross?

IT'S the shortage of ideas that wears out the creative artist, and I'm glad to see that T. E. Lawrence, as an idea, is being handled to the best economic advantage. After the book, the play; after the play, the film; and after the film—according to a report in *The Times*—a TV film about how the film was filmed. There seems no reason why we shouldn't now have some magazine articles about how the TV film (of the filming of the film) was filmed. Then, if these could be collected into a book . . .

Fame

DR. MALINOWSKI has succeeded in photographing the furthest object visible from the earth. This turns out to be a cluster of galaxies some thousands of millions of light-years away, and apparently receding from us at about half the speed of light. For want of a better name they are known as "Dr. Malinowski's Object." It must be exciting to give one's own name to a cluster of galaxies, especially if, as some of the more romantic relativists would like to believe, space is so curved that you can look right round it and the furthest visible object is the cluster of galaxies that contains, among other things, Dr. Malinowski.

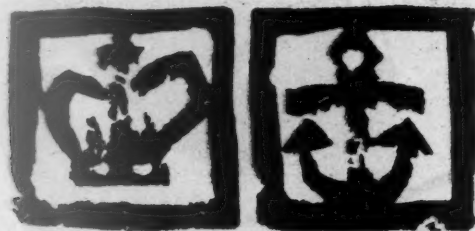
Pastures New

A RICH woman told a friend of mine that she had just been for a cruise round the world. "Next year," she said, "we're going to try somewhere else."

—MR. PUNCH



Backing your fancy: an analysis
of the motives



GAMBLING

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE GAME

By Professor JOHN COHEN

THE idea of gambling at once conjures up a vision of the rare spirits who stake their fortune on a throw of the die or, as in Old China, their teeth, their wives and their eyebrows, though not necessarily in that order. When this vision fades it is replaced by an image of the zealous sixteen million who dedicate all their leisure together with a small proportion of their incomes to pools, horses or dogs.

How different are these two categories? The gambler's conduct is fundamentally governed by the Monte Carlo fallacy, which psychologists, with their flair for simplicity, have designated the Phenomenon of Pseudo-Subjective Dependence. This means that the longer a run of failures, the stronger is the gambler's conviction that he will triumph in the end. So he increases his stake with every loss. Naturally he is eager to lose, because failure to him is an essential step to that ultimate success which he does not in fact want. And however much he has won or lost he cannot stop his play, because he is, in effect, pitting himself against the gods, trying to discover whether they *really* love him.

Such considerations affect the punter only in a mild fashion. Not that he, any more than the true gambler, is guided by a mathematical expectation of success, though he is less likely to have his "system." Like the gambler, he greatly exaggerates the chances of success and, to a lesser extent, underestimates the likelihood of failure; and like him, his decisions are founded on the *possibility*, not on the *probability*, of winning. Not one punter in twenty realistically attempts to assess the probability of success by reckoning both the *number* and the *magnitude* of his chances of winning. Nevertheless, unlike true gamblers, punters, as a rule, generally prefer to win rather than to lose.

The gambler's fallacy reverberates in the hearts of all, at least all who subscribe to the dictum "things must get worse

Professor COHEN, born in Tredegar, Monmouthshire, and educated at University College, London. Joined Royal Armoured Corps but transferred to Offices of War Cabinet where he was engaged in statistical and psychological investigations. Has acted as consultant to WHO and UNESCO, and held appointments at Universities of Leeds and London.

before they get better." In this respect, however, investors in Premium Bonds are a race apart, for they refuse to believe that the longer their coupon has been unlucky in the past the more likely it is to win a prize in the future.

To make up for this lack of gambling spirit, so far as past events are concerned, they raise their eyes towards the future. Let no one suppose that our national "lottery" is called Premium Savings Bonds by accident. For the moral virtue of saving is a doctrine preached indefatigably by our theological politicians. Lord Keynes has taught us that when men are thinking of nothing but their own gain, and save what they cannot spend, they are, by that act of selfless renunciation, performing the supreme public service. No one can therefore deny that the twentieth century is indebted to the inventive genius of Mr. Macmillan for a twofold blessing. The Bonds which he conceived enable us to achieve affluence in the flesh as well as salvation in the spirit by one and the same coupon. And the beatific mirage of everlasting glory is greatly enhanced by the minute chance of winning £50 en route. Clearly the next step is to amalgamate the National Savings Movement with the Salvation Army.

Gambling practices had their birth in the arts of divination employed, since remote antiquity, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, to distort the future, to confuse innocence with guilt or, as preferred in Rome and Albania, merely to ensure that the gods approved a particular policy. The drawing of lots as a form of divination is familiar to readers of *Punch*, who will recall that this was the Biblical method for re-assigning land between local authorities, for selecting higher Civil Servants, and for regulating the rotation of political office. From lots to lotteries is a short step. The unpredictability of the outcome of a lottery characterizes all games of hazard. Yet an outcome there must be, one which only the all-knowing gods can foresee. Our progenitors therefore deliberately devised unpredictable events in order to ascertain the will of the gods. To this day the toss of a coin at the beginning of a game of cricket is an appeal to the gods to decide who should bat first. The toss of a second coin, which would compel the gods to foretell the winning side, could easily dispense with the match itself and save much valuable time.

The law, in its wisdom, acknowledges, in addition to the lottery, games of chance and betting as the three pillars of gambling, and it is ready to overlook the 1,723 other varieties. In fact all forms have one thing in common: the weighing of one uncertainty against another; and they range from one extreme at which the outcome depends exclusively on what the player believes to be his skill, to the other extreme, at which the outcome depends entirely on what he believes to be luck or chance. Between these two extremes lie varying combinations of skill and chance in gambling.

Physiotherapists, mathematicians, teachers in training, scientists and classicists prefer to rely on their skill rather

than on mere chance, this preference being more marked among the scientists and mathematicians than among the classical scholars. They have all taken to heart the advice which Prometheus vainly tendered his less able brother Epimetheus—to reject the divine Pandora which Heaven had sent him as a gift. If such a preference is widespread it might partly explain why pools seem to appeal more than Premium Bonds. The punter is proud of his perspicacity in filling in his coupons, while the Bond investor can apply his sagacity neither in choosing a particular coupon number nor in influencing the capricious Ernie.

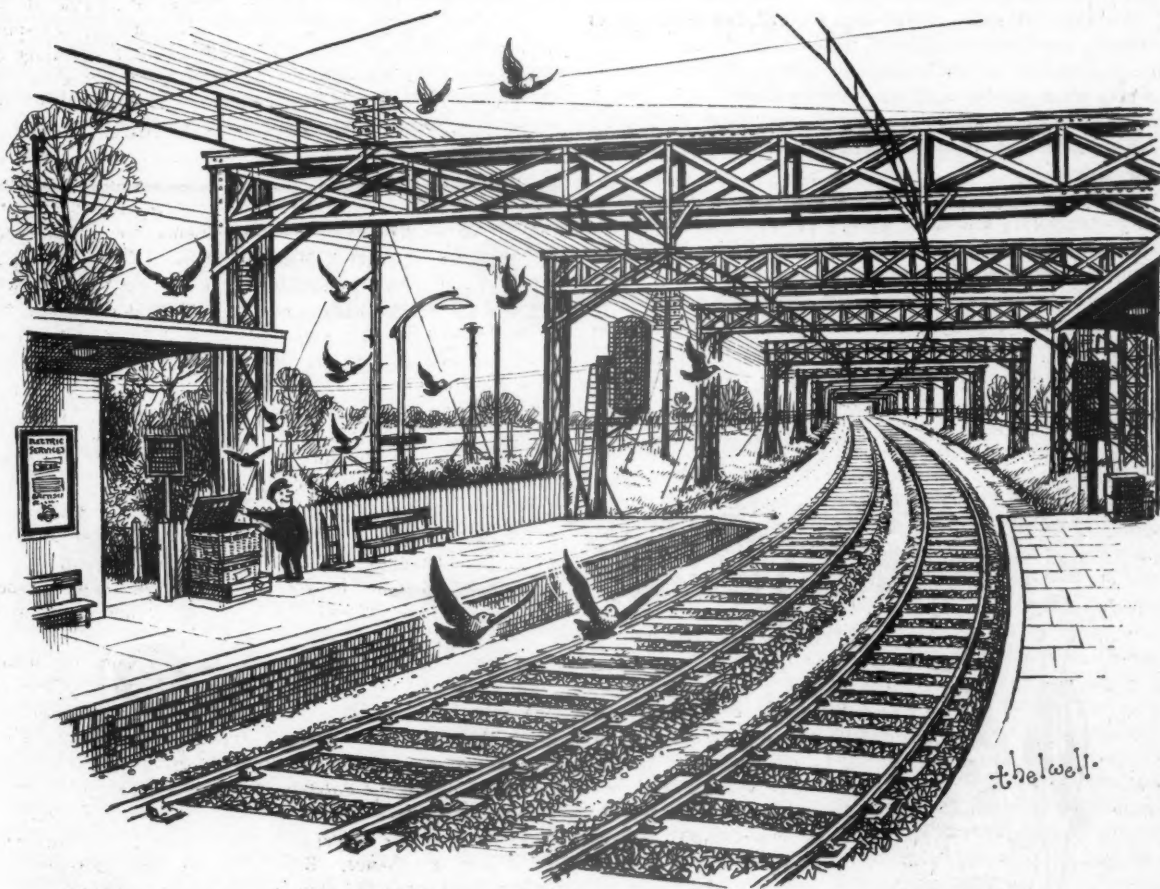
Experimental gambling reveals two basic types: those who wish to minimize their sorrows and those who wish to maximize their joys. You can judge for yourself to which type you belong. Imagine that I could offer you the choice of ten years in Hell followed by ten years in Heaven or a thousand years in Hell followed by a thousand in Heaven. Remember that there would be no third way, and if you failed to choose, you would be doomed at once to an eternity in Hell.

I should conclude about those of you who choose the first alternative that in any dilemma you would take the easier path, even if this meant less eventual satisfaction. You

would, I surmise, prefer to become a modest bank-clerk immediately on leaving school rather than toil at a Training College for three years in the certainty of receiving the fabulous salary of a primary school-teacher at the end.

As for those of you who choose the second alternative, I should make two inferences: first that you care little for any torments you may have to endure so long as you receive sufficient recompense afterwards; and second, that you are spiritually akin to M. G. Lewis's monk Ambrosio, who declared to his paramour Matilda "A moment passed in your arms overpays an age of punishment in the next." Such a gambled moment bears a resemblance to the timeless episode in the life of the Prophet, who espied a jar falling off a table just as he was about to enter a trance. During the trance he lingered long in Paradise, and when he awoke, the jar had not reached the ground.

So far we have been considering the choice between two "values" or "utilities." The element of uncertainty may be introduced by reformulating my offer thus: would you prefer a tenth of a chance of spending ten years in Heaven or a thousandth of a chance of spending a thousand years? And similarly for Hell.



"There was a time when all we had to worry about was hitting the telegraph wires."

This sort of choice poses practical problems every day. Strange as it seems, our actions are often guided by what we feel is *less* rather than by what we feel is *more* likely to happen. Thus we pay heavy insurance premiums against fire although we refuse to believe that our homes will be razed to the ground. It was with this logic that the immortal Pascal defended his creed. For he argued that if a system promises infinite rewards and threatens infinite punishments, the prudent man would embrace it, even if he thought its truth highly improbable, so long as the odds against it were not infinite. On this logic, too, we should all join the Labour Party.

The gambling impulse in the profound sense has generated an extraordinary range of risk-taking operations all of which involve undertaking a task when one is not sure that he will succeed. Abundant examples spring to mind from the annals of politics and crime, which are so unlike in other respects. Many a Parliamentary candidate differs from the normal voter only in cherishing a stronger conviction that he is born to lead. Similarly, many an offender against the law differs from his law-abiding neighbour merely in being more confident of escaping detection. British Railways and the Inland Revenue offer splendid scope for such daring gamblers.

In all kinds of sport, as well as in football, the player has to estimate, implicitly or explicitly, his chances of success before he is prepared to undertake any action. Most accidents involve some gamble with one's life or limbs. Any British pedestrian bold enough to cross a road must necessarily jeopardize his skin for the doubtful advantage of reaching the other side.

Finally, what sort of "model" of man is presupposed in the contemporary science of gambling? The popular model, especially in the United States, is a so-called "rational" animal, exemplified by Buridan's celebrated ass which, equally oppressed by hunger and thirst, perished from indecision when confronted with the choice of food or drink.

It is, I believe, common knowledge that Buridan's energies were not fully engaged as a fourteenth-century philosopher, for he was a favoured lover of Queen Joanna of France into the bargain. In order to ensure reticence on the part of her lovers, Her Majesty arranged to have them sewn up in sacks and deposited in the Seine. Buridan was exempted from this fate and the grateful thinker created the ass whose agonizing conflict, equidistant between a bundle of hay and a pail of water, has exercised the liveliest intellects at the older universities for five centuries. Spinoza insisted that Buridan's ass must have been a jenny because no male could be so indecisive. If so, we are forced to seek a model of man elsewhere.

On the assumption that no other species could serve this purpose so well, I nominate the illustrious ass of Balaam. This heroic beast found himself in a challenging predicament: hemmed in by high fences to the right and left, with retreat prevented by the whip of his master, and advance barred by the outstretched sword of an angel. He resolved his conflict by discovering in himself an unsuspected faculty of speech which proved an effective instrument of communication and appeal. "What have I done unto thee, that thou has smitten me these three times?" Unlike the ass of Buridan which slavishly succumbed to the pressures of equal and opposite forces, the ass of Balaam took action for excellent reasons contrived wholly by himself. We now know that the same strategy inspires the souls of gambler and punter alike, unveiled as they now are by psychological science.

Further contributors:

LORD KINROSS
PAUL FERRIS
The Bishop of GUILDFORD





"It's my first epidemic."

Post-Budget Round-up

By H. F. ELLIS

FOR anyone who likes honesty and single-mindedness there is much satisfaction to be gained, in pre-Budget days, from observing the earnestness with which every Federation, Union, Society or other vested interest argues the unanswerable case for a reduction in the taxes that bear upon it. Take off that crippling twopence, they all with their several voices cry, or we are done for. They are reasonable men, of course; they realize that money has got to be raised somehow. But not *here*, for pity's sake, not in this bailiwick! Like those who live in areas scheduled for nuclear power stations or motorways, they believe with all their hearts that elsewhere, somewhere round the corner out of sight, is the place for doing the distasteful job that has to be done.

Scarcely less free from cant and namby-pamby talk about the good of the country as a whole are the utterances of their spokesmen *after* the Budget. They never fail the newspapers who ring them up to ask them what they think of the new proposals. Words like "appalling," "crushing" and "a body-blow to the future of the dehydrated lime industry" come crackling over the wire. They leave to that nebulous body "Opinion in the City" (which presumably will never be really roused until a Capital Gains tax comes along) flabby phrases about the Budget's being more or less what was inevitable in the circumstances. The motoring organizations in particular, among whom any sort of motoring regulation, change or lack of change sets up a cackling as of innumerable injured fowls, can

always be relied upon for a wail of "victimization." And the Road Transport and Road Haulage Associations, how they beat their breasts! You would hardly guess they were already planning how to pass the increases on to their customers—a convenience not open to the voiceless private taxpayer.

The National Farmers' Union are always good for a laugh. This year, feeling it may be that to dwell on the ten shillings a year extra on tractors and the twopence a gallon on heavy hydrocarbon oils would not sufficiently wring the hearts of a public accustomed to seeing farmers committing poverty in the streets in their Jaguars and Bristols, they have resorted to the old multiplication dodge. The increases, they cry, will "raise costs to farmers and growers by about three million pounds."

When I read this I was so shaken that I rang up a Miss Millet, who works for a firm of chartered accountants, and asked whether she realized that an impost of threepence on ballpoint refills would cost stenographers and typists upwards of ninety thousand pounds a year.

"My goodness!" she said. "Are they doing that?"

"It is the principle of the thing," I explained. "To realize the impact on the national economy of any fiscal change you have to consider the *total* burden, as with man-hours lost through colds. It may seem to you a small thing that your refills should cost you a penny or two more, but from the point of view of stenography as a whole—"

"I saw nothing about this in the Budget—" she began.

"Never mind that," I said. "I am just giving you an example. If you want an actual case, consider the total cost to retired persons with incomes between £2,000 and £4,000 a year of the Chancellor's failure to extend surtax relief to unearned incomes. It must run into millions. Or take motor cycles

without sidecars up to a rating of 150 cc. An increase in half a crown a year in the licence duty does not sound very much, but think of the crippling effect of the aggregate on a Light Motor Cycle Club with one hundred members. The crushing burden of £12 10s—"

"I simply don't know what you are talking about," she said.

Encouraged by this response, I next rang up a schoolmaster of thirty-five and asked him for his reactions to the new surtax proposals.

"You have no idea what a refreshment of the spirit these reliefs are," he told me, "to a man like me with £850 per annum and free blotting paper once a fortnight. For years now I have been inhibited from putting my back into my work because of the fear of becoming Headmaster of Eton with a salary liable to these swingeing imposts. Now I can go ahead up to £5,000 and not worry. A bit of incentive is all we need in this profession, boy. Of course, if a free car goes with the job, it's a bit of a damper to have to make do with some old jalopy costing under £2,000, but there's always a snag, isn't there? What

I tell my wife is, with the £490 saved through not paying surtax on our earned lolly we shall soon have so much invested that our unearned income will bring us up into the surtax bracket—and then where shall we be? Still, that's for the future, as you might say."

"You approve of the Budget, then?" I said.

When he had finished his reply I rang up a number at random and got a scathing verdict on the Chancellor's threat to curtail business expenses next year. "It'll be the death of the scampi industry, if he goes through with it," this unknown voice complained. "They don't realize the harm they do, interfering with the natural order of things. The bottom will fall right out of the economy, I tell you straight, if these expense account fellows stop travelling about and entertaining each other. Who's to sit in the first-class compartments for a start? It'll be a regular run-down, mark my words. Redundancy at the Ritz, and then this four shillings payroll tax slapped on to make matters worse, and before they know where they are there'll be thousands of waiters and wine merchants and air hostesses and salmon smokers out of work and becoming dependent relatives very likely, so that it'll cost the Exchequer more in allowances than it will save in business expenses, let alone the general misery caused to all those executives who don't know how to get through a day's work without a three-hour break for lunch and a head waiter bowing and smirking to bolster up their sense of being indispensable to the nation's welfare. No, sir. Leave well alone, and let the tips fall where they may is my message to Mr. Selwyn ('Economic Regulator') Lloyd."

"You don't think," I said, "that in the national interest—"

"Now, now, now, now, now," he said. "None of that, if you please."

For a final throw, anxious to end on a note of approbation, I called a clergyman well known to live, by virtue of his office, in a house that belonged to him as incumbent.

"Schedule A!" he repeated. "Are you aware, sir, that you are speaking to a motorist whose house is heated throughout by paraffin?"

I was not. But I rang off before he could tell me the total cost of the Budget to his industry.

The Cab War-5



"I had my hand out, of course, preparatory to moving out into the stream and Joe here was coming in with the old 'rabbit's ear' winking away, to drop his fare—as no doubt Harry at the back there can bear witness to—when lo and behold . . ."



The Artless Dodger

NOT for me the Census, not for me the checks;
They don't know whether I'm old or young, my name or age or sex;
They couldn't ask me questions of all that ever I did,
For I flew away by BEA and landed in Madrid.

Not for me the buff forms, not for me the queries;
I don't begin to dovetail into any of their series.
They probably think I did them down, slept out for the night, or hid,
But I'll say it again: I went to Spain and landed in Madrid.

They don't know how I treat my wife, or earn my bread and butter,
Whether I live like a howling spiv, or shuffling along the gutter,
Whether I dodge my Income Tax, or pay whatever I'm bid:
When they came in swarms to fill the forms, I was landing in Madrid.

Should I go on their books as the Ace of Crooks, as a capitalist or a rentier?
Should I figure as which: as Little Tich? Or an outsize Georges Carpentier?
Am I known to my friends as Candle-ends, or as Bert, or Herb, or Sid?—
They never can tell, for the plane went well, and I landed in Madrid.

They don't know what my hobbies are, in spite of their statistics,
Numismatics or acrobatics or botany or ballistics;
They don't know whether I'm Gipsy-born, or Scotch, or Welsh, or Yid:
It was perfectly fair: I took to the air, and landed in Madrid.

It wasn't from pride that I denied these data to Posterity;
If they're not too hurt I hope to avert any untoward severity.
I should hate to be racked for my thoughtless act, or roasted on a grid,
Or put in the larder for Torquemada, as they used to do in Madrid.

But not for me the Census, not for me the snoops;
My job was hooked, my passage was booked, so I couldn't go through their hoops.
I'd have had to yield in Petersfield or Poole or Pontypridd,
But I couldn't sign on the dotted line when landing in Madrid.

— BERNARD FERGUSON



HARGREAVES



"My dear chap, you can't have it both ways—teaching's a dedicated vocation, not a paying proposition."

WANTED 100,000 TEACHERS

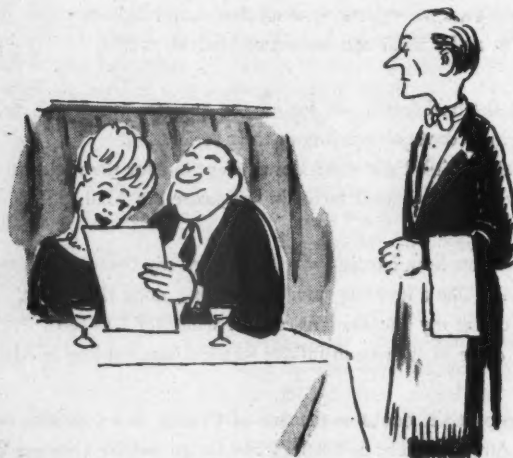
BY
BERNARD
HOLLOWOOD



"A businessman earns £5,000 a year for twenty years. Assuming that he saves one-fifth of his income, in how many years . . . ?"



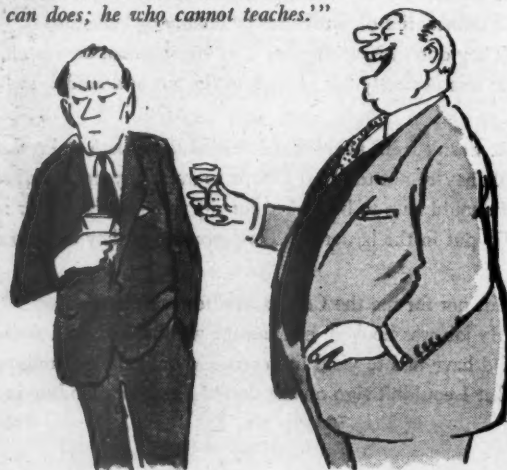
"Disgusted" writes: "Teachers should remember that they enjoy very short hours and very generous holidays."



"Remember what old Shaw said: 'He who can does; he who cannot teaches.'"



"My Dad says would you care to buy a raffle ticket for the Friends of Culture Society?"



Back to School

DEAR MISS BROWNE,—What great news that you have come out of retirement in answer to the Government's appeal for teachers! It occurs to me, though, that after all those years on your lonely Cumberland chicken farm you could be just a bit out of touch with youth and find Ratrace House rather different from your dear old St. Ursula's. So here are a few hints to help you through that first tricky week while you're feeling unreasonably enraged at the size of the science building and bucking when anyone says "bra."

Teaching geography again, are you? Don't worry about Trieste and which half is Pakistan; because everything up to Africa will be in the school atlas; just try not to reminisce as you turn the pages. What you could do, if you've time before the first lesson, is have a quick re-think about the earth as a whole, this being what it is now. Try looking at a globe from the top, and underneath, and in orbit; curl your toes by telling yourself you're clinging to a blob 8,000 miles thick; do anything that'll give you a less fuddy-duddy attitude to distance, which Ratrace House girls do not measure in miles (unless asked to walk anywhere) but in return air fares. Thus to say that Singapore is so many *pounds* away is to give the girls who don't fly it regularly a keen idea of its distance—and, for a few seconds, to have your class listening before you go on to jute.

Yes, jute is still OK. Modern schoolgirls, like any others, know that jute is exported simply to keep geography lessons going while they do some quiet day-dreaming—which reminds me, the "Don't sit there with your head full of poetry, Miss Dreamy! Life's practical these days!" is an idiotically wrong approach to the 1961 girl mooning starry-eyed over an isobar graph. It's precisely because she knows how practical life is that she's looking like that. She's working out how rich a husband she'll need for a yearly water-skiing holiday as well as an E-type Jaguar.

I'm sure you'll manage the geography all right, Miss Browne, if you remember to keep calm when you hear them

pronouncing "Asia." They are not "talking American" like your last lot, they're simply and unconsciously being a part of evolution and you'll have to put up with it. Another five years and they'll be calling alluvial soil fertile. As for the language question generally, my advice is to lie low and listen while yourself speaking in as basic an English as you can manage after fifteen years of telling the chickens to get weaving. Don't, unless you're doing it spontaneously from sheer nerves, burst into pre-war slang, though that would be better than 1961 slang. If one thing frightens the Ratrace House age-group it's hearing your age-group putting quotes and a facial expression to the word "dig." Your pre-war slang won't be entirely strange to Ratrace House girls, of course, but like all schools they only speak some of it. (They make bishes, for instance, and are spiffing.) The rest of their vocabulary is made of newer traditional words—e.g. clot, smashing, wet, weedy—along with flashes of teenage talk and a good solid

layer of functional modern stuff which is the only part you want to get hold of. I can't help you much in advance, except to suggest a simple test question for the end of your first week. Does the word "backing" (musical accompaniment to singing on a small gramophone record) seem to you to belong to the second vocabulary group or the third? If you think the third, have a quiet talk with some older-established colleague and take things more calmly.

Clothes are going to worry you. Not your own, not unless you're wearing a 1943 suit with the shoulders up past your ears; looking moderately hopeless without actually wearing fancy dress is the duty of a self-respecting geography mistress. But you've got to get used to a bagginess in the sweater world that you up in Cumberland with your mountainous old sailor jerseys never had a clue to; you've got to be able to walk sideways along corridors or you'll never get past a girl wearing her after-hours consignment of stiffened petticoats; you must learn that black stockings are



"Who the hell do you think you are with your 'don't like Winnie the Pooh?'"



"Overcrowded? Even in solitary I was in with three others."

for fun, flesh-coloured ones for school hours. Assuming you've started calling stockings nylons, I suggest that you go back to calling them stockings—you don't want to be too hopeless. And you *mustn't mind hair*. You've got to accept jagged fringes, ragged bobs and screwed-up buns as *hair styles*. And if you wonder why the poor Ratrace girls are forced to bring back nineteen skirts, twenty-three tops and a dozen dresses for their leisure wear, ask the head-mistress. She's the one who sends the circulars begging parents to keep to the clothes list.

How's your motor-car knowledge, Miss Browne? Still talking about saloons and coupés? Don't know an A99 from a Super Snipe? There's something you could brush up right away, because the girls at Ratrace House are very polite and will do their best at mealtimes to talk about subjects of real and general interest, and I want to save you the stares when you unfold your napkin and say brightly that you've just seen a Ragged Robin in the hedgerow. There

will be nature-lovers at Ratrace House but they'll stand out sharply from the rank and file and tend to be Gerald Durrellish about keeping badgers in the shed. So crack down, in public, on your simple joy in the glorious Ratrace countryside. Most of the girls are furious because the beastly school isn't bang in the middle of Oxford Street. Poetry's out too. You'll have more luck with art, modern art—perhaps because a good modern picture costs the earth—and music, which on an LP costs nearly as much. I'm sorry to sound ever so slightly money-minded, Miss Browne, but on the day when you hear a Ratrace House girl tell a friend that her birthday cake tastes smashing, almost like a shop one, you'll see what I mean.

Finally, Miss Browne, *never* put on your independent, who-cares-about-men feminist act. You may look tough after those windswept years with the chickens but don't for a moment suggest that's how women *should* look. The dear, delicious, frilly, massive-hair-topped

creatures under your care are way beyond that stage in women's emancipation. No doubt they can have any job they like nowadays—they've never thought they couldn't. But all that most of them want is to get married and live happily ever after with dozens of strictly brought up children and lashings of aluminium garden furniture and amazing bathrooms. You'll see too what I mean about that rich husband.

Don't let me leave you with the idea that all the Ratrace girls are themselves rich. As at every boarding-school to-day, some are there because their parents can afford it, some because they can't. It makes no difference to the set-up, and if the phrase "affluent society" maddens you then you should have gone to a State school, where I suspect it would madden you more. Well, good luck, Miss Browne. Remember that whatever you do or say you'll be utterly and hopelessly wet and weedy, so you've nothing to worry about.

Yours sincerely,

ANGELA MILNE

This Chain Has 91 Links

By LESLIE MARSH

A Morning Conference with Mr. Roy Thomson

THERE is a popular image of the newspaper mogul as a sensitive heart of his empire, sending out and receiving impulses from every remote limb, muscle or tissue. This picture of a dedicated father narrowly inquiring into the antics of his wayward family, chastening, praising or reforming according to his findings, is derived largely from Northcliffe and Beaverbrook legends, mainly true, but it wobbles when a less wholly committed emperor holds sway. A glance at the list of Thomson newspaper interests, just extended to ninety-one by the acquisition of three Trinidad properties, suggests flaws in the vision.

"Why," asked The Chief, "is the *Orillia Daily Packet and Times* late again? Yes, I know you've brought me the *Oakville Journal*, *Orangeville Banner* and *Oshawa Times*—that's the infuriating part of it. I wanted to finish holding inquests on all my Os in Ontario before lunch. I can't think why the *Orillia Daily Packet and Times* isn't here. It can't be because there's no news—a place like that with an asylum, saw and grist mills and iron foundries sitting as pretty as a picture on Lake Couchiching.

"Yes, I suppose I could go back to the Gs. Keeps them on the hop if they never know back there in the plains which letter I'm going to do first. That was the day" (with a reminiscent chuckle) "when I gave the *Woodstock Sentinel-Review* the works before breakfast and kept the *Brampton Times* and *Conservator* on tenterhooks until after dinner. OK, we'll take the Gs. *Galt Evening Reporter*, *Georgetown Herald*, *Guelph Daily Mercury*—not too bad; they all look as if they're trying.

"Let's get Ontario over and done with. Forget the *Pembroke Observer*—they always keep that paper clean, at least, circulating in a Roman Catholic bishopric; and the *Port Arthur News-Chronicle*—those boys are too worked up over their rich hematite iron ore

deposits to have time for silly little stories that make a paper look cheap.

"Now what's come? I thought I'd made it clear that I never do British Columbia before Saskatchewan. I work east to west, like the sun, not widdershins. So you can keep the *Kamloops Sentinel*, *Kelowna Courier*, *Nanaimo Free Press* and *Penticton Herald* for this afternoon. And I wish I'd got a little something in Chilliwack, it's the nicest name in the province. Check on that: see if there's a Chilliwack sheet we could get our hands on.

"To get back east, we've done the Quebec and Prince Edward Island lot, only tell the *Evening Patriot* on the island not to come the jingo too often. Saskatchewan: I'm not spending all morning on the *Moose Jaw Times-Herald*—I'll take your word just this once on their book reviews having improved. That's it, then, for Canada, all twenty-nine of them. I haven't got a sausage in Manitoba, Yukon, Alberta or North West Territory.

"Don't fuss too much just now about the United States. I've only got eight there, all said and done. They know my mind, those six boys in Florida, from the *Punta Gordon Herald* to the *Glades County News*. Mind, I've had to give a rap in my time to the *Laurel Leader-Call* way down in Mississippi—raucous, I found them, here and there—and the *Petersburg Progress Index* in old Virginny. 'Don't make it too much of an index,' I told them; I think they'd got me wrong over that television crack about a balance sheet being a nicer thing to read than a book.

"England I've already done—before you got your coat off this morning, young man. Now that there's twenty-two of them I thought it might be a bit of a morale-booster to lay on a soccer match between two lots of editors or their nominees. I wouldn't wonder if the *Stretford and Ormston County Express* can't field a centre-half to make rings round anything the *Sunday Times* have got. See if you can hear of any

handy wingers on the *Altrincham County Express* or the *Wythenshawe County Express*. The 'county' gives it a touch of style, doesn't it?

"Make it a short lunch, please, because this afternoon I want to sort out the dozen in Wales and the dozen in Scotland before tea comes round. Look out for the *Rhondda Fach Leader* and the *Llantrisant Observer*—I want the valleys hotted up all round. Send a polite note, but curt, to this smart allick moaning about a southerly news in brief item in the *Forres News* and asking 'How far is't called to Forres?' Comb the *Dingwall North Star*. You'll have to leave Northern Ireland for later on. I want to get a good leisurely look at *Ireland's Saturday Night*. Is it really gay enough? They've got to keep thinking of Phil the Fluter's Ball. Watch Nigeria while I'm out for a snack. Cast an eye over the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express* there—I can't have any progressive, wind-of-change customers scared off by thinking it's all about Hickey and John Gordon.

"No, no, one thing at a time, please. I'm on papers now. Come to me some other time about the television stations in Kingston, Peterboro, North Bay and Scotland. And find a quieter time for your general printing inquiries. The Highland Printers, Inverness, can wait. So can publishing. This is not the moment for pestering me about *Pins and Needles* even if it does include *Week-end Workshop*. One thing at a time, my boy—how many times must I tell you that?"



Instant Gardening Now!

By Our Affluent Society Correspondent



THE smartest couple I know have still got a lawn-mower. On a pedestal. Indoors. They keep it as a conversation piece in their coffee area. Outside, of course, their lawn is made of Lawnoid, "the Grass that Cannot Grow." I've been talking to Mr. Angus McRacken, the discoverer of this wonder substance.

"Is it a fungus?" I asked.

Mr. McRacken was adamant. "No it is not," he said, "and I have mycologists to prove it. That is a vicious rumour which has been spread by old-fashioned grass-seed interests who wish to suggest that Lawnoid is poisonous. I can tell you here and now that it is not. In fact it is absolutely inert. Last year we laid down eleven thousand acres of Lawnoid, up and down the country, which shows that people have confidence in Lawnoid. And this year we're marketing a two-tone effect in broad pyjama stripes. 'Numone,' we call it. It's a winner."

Mr. McRacken is not the only benefactor of the modern gardener. My old friend Sir Frank Mander has added a Landscaping Division to his Mansioners combine, and very affably took me out to Gerrards Cross where his men are working on the garden of one of our most popular television thinkers. By the time we arrived they had excavated the whole area to a depth of six feet and were lining the cavity with reinforced concrete.

"Next," Sir Frank told me, "they'll put in about fourteen inches of polarized cinders to absorb and sterilize any rain that may seep through. We are very proud of the fact that all our gardens carry a ninety-nine-year guarantee against stagnation. Most of the rainfall goes into a couple of catchment tanks and what we don't need for dewing effects is piped off to the local water board. Then there's the network of girders to give stability to the trees, then fourteen inches of Caernarvon gravel and finally the garden proper. We need the depth to get the spring in the turf. Once we've finished, any handyman can shift the beds about according to the seasons. They all deflate and take up very little storage space. And we send a maintenance team down in the autumn to bring the leaves off the trees and another to extrude fresh ones in the spring.

"The beauty of it is that it costs you nothing. Any bank will be glad to lend you the capital because they know it will repay itself in gardeners' wages in less than twenty years."

Sir Frank gave me a sample of Mansioners turf, which I'm using as a bath-mat.

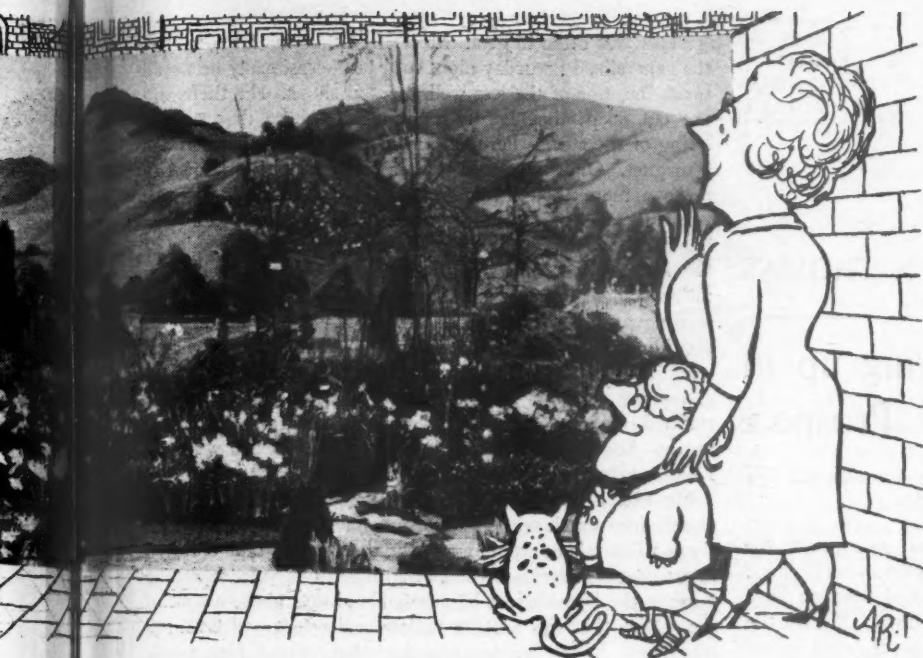
Of course not all of us have space to do the thing on so grand a scale, but Happigardens have the answer. Mr. Galbraith Flagg, Jun., took me round the factory where they turn out the gardens that have beautified the countryside from Looe to Lowestoft. The big sheds were ablaze with great vats of autumn tints, and heavy with the scent of chrysanthemum concentrate.

"We have to work several months ahead, of course," Mr. Flagg told me. "In fact half our production line switches to snowscaping next week."

I asked him how long the average week-end gardener would take to lay down a Happigarden.

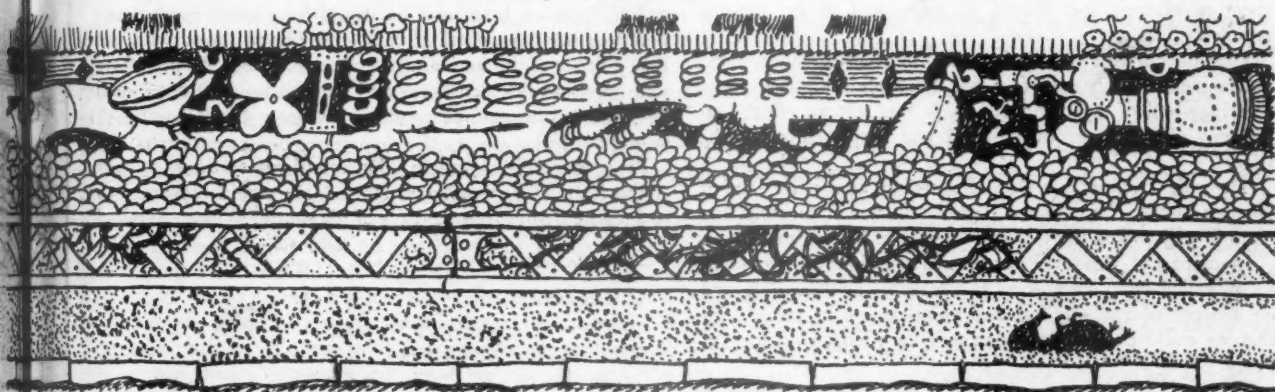
"I'll be honest with you," he said. "Provided he'd got his measurements right in the first place he could probably do it in an afternoon, but we much prefer to do the fitting ourselves. These do-it-yourself enthusiasts always seem to get something wrong and then try to come back at us. Only last week we got a complaint that some rosebuds were developing unsightly bulges. I went down to see the chap myself, and what do you think he'd done? He'd left all the old-style plants in the ground under his Happigarden, not even bothered to poison them. Of course the things had tried to come up like they used to. Un-sightly bulges was the word."

Greatly daring I suggested to Mr. Flagg that his plants had been rumoured not to stand up very well to heat waves, but he



For those whose gardens consist only of vertical space, Vistaview Ltd. have executed a remarkable Gardens Of England series, by means of which anybody with a wall and a place from which to look at it can enjoy long borders, temples, avenues, lakes, far pastures and hazy glimpses of the channel. The example shown is the Stately Home No. 3a (Spring). All are easy to wash.

Cross-section of a typical garden by Mansioners Landscaping division. The example shown is operated by electricity, but gas, steam, and plutonium reactor models are also available.



answered confidently that they would stand up to any reasonable weather and that anyway ordinary plants wilt at extreme temperatures.

"And don't forget," he added as a parting shot, "that the Happigardener has no worries with frosts."

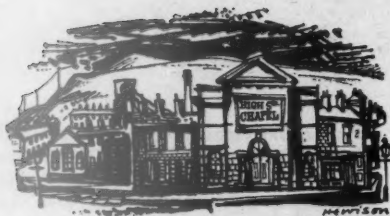
Yes, there has been a revolution in gardening. And like any other revolution it has brought its attendant problems. I talked about these with Mr. Michael Tyrrewitt-Thynne, who runs the horticultural department of the smartest emporium in Kensington.

"The trouble with all these things is that the average chap likes to do a spot of gardening from time to time. It's just that he doesn't like *having* to. We've managed to build up quite an interesting range of accessories to meet this problem. Now here's a nice little non-purpose cultivator, with several attachments, quarter-horse-power engine, which I think makes as good a noise for a Saturday afternoon as any machine on the market. Then there are those odd people who think that gardening isn't the real thing without a bit of digging. Can't understand it myself, but we keep a stock of Lomite specially to meet their needs—all you need is a little patch somewhere in your garden and you can turn it over and over. It's coloured cork chippings actually. An average spadeful weights three ounces. I'm sorry I can't show you our self-righting trees, but we've got some whoppers. They're just the thing for

the gentry who feel that no week-end is complete without chopping something down. And we've had to give up our everlasting bonfires because people would keep trying to burn things on them.

"Mind you some of these things can be useful, like this compressed air watering can—you just press the button and it puffs the dust off the blossoms. Then there's the pollinettes to attract the bees and the butterflies; they'll last a month without a refill."

So there you are. Now, in this wonderful age you can have your garden and lounge in it. And just in case you feel that a garden isn't the real thing without something alive in it, you might get in touch with Midget Enterprises. They have a splendid selection of live gnomes on their books whom you can hire at very reasonable rates.



GWYN THOMAS

Growing up in Meadow Prospect

3 Stay as Beat as You Are

I HAVE always viewed as bold and outrageous the resolution of those who wish to change the lives of others. Revivalists, Utopians, morally concerned teachers have all, at some time or another, held me in thrall. But on the private ground floor of my mind I have never failed to see them as strange and elusive as yetis, and to be amazed, repelled.

Only once have I ventured out on this transformation antic, determined to change the fuse and direction of a life, to make a salvage-tool of my compassion. It was not an effort that had any effect on my own life. I was barely eleven at the time.

The role I chose was that of marriage counsellor, and if you are looking for a social impulse on which to break the teeth of pity that is the ticket, a mender of broken marriages.

In my part of Meadow Prospect was a lurching, improvident fellow called Percy Ferguson. If a preacher or deacon wanted an instance of a wholly lost and pointless life he would hint that we could do no better than to take a long, cold look at Percy.

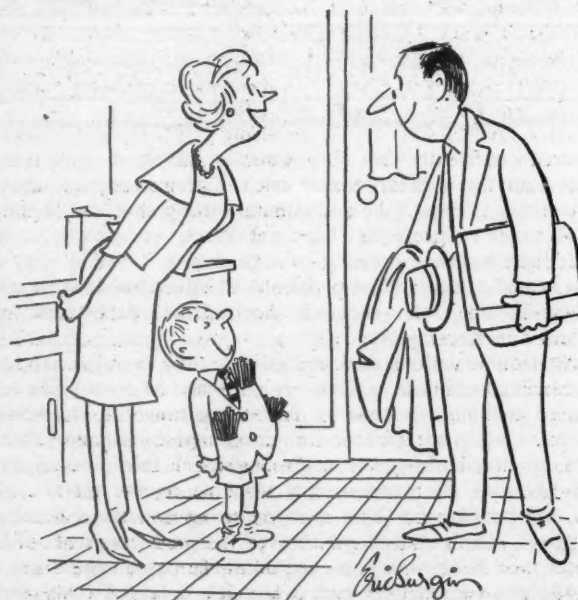
Percy was not a conscious rebel. Once he had attended a session of the Moral Philosophy Class on the invitation of Gomer Gough, the class secretary, who had told Percy that, properly oriented, he could well become a victory-missile of the Left. Percy listened for fifteen minutes to Nestor Harries, the class-tutor, and was led out of the room with cramp of the ear-drums and he took a swing at Gough as he was steered past the podium. He also invoked an old curse on Harries and all tutors.

On Saturday nights Percy was a leading figure in the drunken routs that swayed up and down the main street, putting in any oath or blow that seemed to be missing from the routine. In or out of beer, in or out of English, he could be fluently obscene, and the Nightingale League, a women's temperance outfit, claimed that they had at least three charges on which Percy could be walled up. The idea that Percy was coming at them from the shadows became one of the best known psychological blockages of the zone among women. But it was said that Percy, in the sex matter, was torpid and had been seen breaking into a run only when about to fell some tavern companion.

Percy was often in gaol. Most often this was for assault of the generalized Saturday night sort, but occasionally he would break into one of the less well guarded shops. His thefts did not cut deep: they hardly amounted to more than a brief airing of the stock. Percy attracted patrolling policemen like a magnet. One judge said that if Percy had been known to make a more thoughtful effort to hang on to his loot, he would have sent him to some thicker, grimmer gaol than our own County Keep. In gaol Percy was a great reader of the Bible and became one of the most eloquent cuckoos in the theological nest. He could disconcert the pious by reciting passages from the holy book that could be taken as providing a kind of sanction for drink and lechery. For a week after each release he would move about the village giving out a raking fire of Biblical questions. One day he stopped me and asked me who were the three characters in the Apocrypha whose Christian names began with F. I didn't know. He told me.

He had a certain gift of repentance that brought him closely into touch with us. During the Easter and Whitsun singing festivals he would come and stand among the children in the chapel gallery. He had a big, inaccurate voice which he flung at the hymn like a boulder. He always chose a spot of the gallery that was notably hollow under foot and favoured resonance. When he struck a note that offered him a safe saddle he stuck to it, and he would have every loose floor-board in the place rattling back. He played havoc with the final balance of the festivals, and more than once the precentor sent agents to threaten Percy and tell him to cut it out unless he wanted, one day, to go down before a penal pelting of swung hymnals.

Percy never heard them. During these sessions he was at the heart of an emotional storm. He would cry and sob and rescue names from corners of his shattered past. We had



"Guess who's been made milk monitor."

1



2



3

ROY DAVIS

heard that he had, some years before, abandoned a wife and several children in an adjoining valley. It was when we stared at Percy in these moods of penitential singing and weeping that we felt certain that he carried within himself the materials from which he could devise a new and tidier life.

As a Christmas approached we thought we saw our chance. The combined Chamber of Trade of Meadow Prospect and Birchtown were trying to think up some manœuvre that would prevent the commerce of Meadow Prospect from slipping into a total swoon. It was first of all thought to rig up some kind of eighteenth-century coach that would roll into Meadow Prospect carrying a load of Sam Wellers who would proclaim a simple hedonism and try to talk the local dialecticians out of the anguished knots into which they had worked themselves over the years. But they found that the slopes of the road from Birchtown would put too much of a strain on a tall type of vehicle like a coach, and if the trip was made it was thought possible that stewards would have to retrace the route, collecting the Sam Wellers and reminding them of their scripts.

So the merchants settled for a rather squat, strong vehicle, half sleigh, half troika, to be pulled by a pair of spirited Welsh cobs and driven by some voter dressed as Santa Claus. The sleigh would be packed with gifts for the children of Meadow Prospect. There were many applicants for the job. The man chosen was well known for his sobriety, diligence and a way of belting sense and obedience into even the most skittish of Welsh cobs. He was also a man whose arms took on a slowness just this side of death when handing out gifts, so he would take so long distributing the packages it would emphasize the greatness of heart of the combined Chambers of Trade.

About a week before Christmas we approached my father and told him that this Santa Claus job would be just the thing to lure Percy Ferguson back to the lighted part of life. My father knew Percy quite well, had drunk with him, had worked with him for a short time on the ostling flank of a local mine, and had been the delegate appointed by the Institute to take gifts of cakes and thoughtful pamphlets to Percy when he was doing his various stretches in the County Keep. He regarded Percy as one of nature's bandits, too slow in argument, and too prone to erupt into violence. When we brought his attention to the great tracts of the Bible that Percy had learned in gaol my father said that these feats did not, intellectually, jack Percy to a much higher level than a smart budgerigar. "As for him being Santa

Claus, he'd be a disaster. The horses that will be pulling that sleigh will be fresh from the hills and very wild. Percy as an ostler is on a par with Percy as a thinker: very poor. He will bring out the worst in these animals. He will cause them to kick holes in the sleigh and then they will do as much for Percy and those merchants who are promoting all this gaiety. What's more, if Percy were offered this job he would, long before Christmas, have handed the ponies over to the gypsies, sold the sleigh for kindling and done a deal with a local fence for the great pile of gift packages."

We told my father how we had seen Percy sing in ecstasy at the singing festivals and weep as he got the full impact of remembered innocence and joy. My father was moved. He passed what we had said on to the one member of the Chamber of Trade who was in the market for extreme sentiment, and this man persuaded his colleagues that Percy was the man for the Santa Claus job. The merchant was impressed by the fact that a group of children should have shown such perceptive compassion. As a reward we were to be given our car-fares to Birchtown and allowed to drive back to Meadow Prospect with Percy in the sleigh. My father wanted to insure the lot of us lavishly and to turn the inevitable disaster into a possible doorway out of the slump. But the local insurance agents took one look at Percy, the sleigh and my father, closed ranks and just laughed.

We arrived in Birchtown at nine o'clock on Christmas morning. The programme was that at ten o'clock we should be high-stepping it into Meadow Prospect square, Percy roaring greetings and ourselves singing loudly enough to be heard above the noise of ringing hooves and the cheers of the children who would be lined up on the square waiting for their gifts.

There was no sign of Percy or the sleigh. The merchants were worried and wanted the police brought in and Percy stretched when they could find him. A messenger came up to say that since early in the morning Percy had been in the bar of a nearby drinking club where the steward, an impulsive lush, had ushered in Christmas by opening all his taps and, from what the messenger said, Percy had been waiting underneath each tap as it opened. The chairman of the Chamber of Trade went to the drinking club, banged on its front door with his cane and shouted upon the steward to open in the name of the law and seamliness, and to deliver Percy Ferguson to them under pain of seeing the licence revoked.

Percy came into view supported by two friends. He had



"You can't take it with you, you know."

on his Santa Claus costume but it created no effect of merriment. The first man appointed to the job was much smaller than Percy, and no attempt had been made to shake out the hems and make the suit baggier. Even the beard looked tight on him and the only thing the short, white-fringed jacket and trousers did was to suggest that Percy was going to be brutal in some brighter, jollier but stiffer way than usual.

The sleigh, pulled by the team of Welsh cobs, was led out from the yard at the back of the drinking club into the square. A majority of the Chamber of Trade was for stripping Percy of his splendour on the spot and sending the gifts by post. I led the children in a plea for tolerance and to cut the argument short we helped to hoist Percy into the driver's seat. We watched him anxiously. What we could see of his face looked blanker than his beard. We pressed the long whip into his hand. All he did with it was to try and scratch his back. He scratched the back of the sleigh but it seemed to give him relief. The Welsh cobs were quite still—even torpid, and we heard the messenger say that Percy and the steward had been feeding them a bucket of beer every time they went out to the yard. The man who had been first appointed was in the crowd and making sounds intended to startle the cobs, bring out their natural fierceness and play hell with the sleigh. But the cobs were beyond caring.

We got into the sleigh. The chairman of the Chamber of Trade made a speech. He was a loud speaker and the empty square gave him plenty of resonance and echo. The dancing sounds brought a whiff of awareness to Percy and the cobs. They started to stamp and he cracked his whip at an angle that was clearly meant for the speaker.

The sleigh left the square slowly and it proceeded quite sedately through Birchtown. A few of the crowd followed us, among them the chairman of the Chamber of Trade, a magistrate, who kept putting up a certain number of the fingers of his right hand. These were the number of months that Percy could expect in the County Keep if any harm came to the sleigh and us.

Once out on the moorland between Birchtown and Meadow Prospect the tempo of the whole affair gave a jump. The cobs must have thought they were back on the mountains and a fresh, whistling wind brought out the charioteer in Percy. He started cracking his whip to a steady tattoo that finished off what little restraint the ponies had left. The

ill-made road assumed the ruthless cant of a cliff. The ponies reached a rush of crazy speed. We lay on the floor of the sleigh, praying quite coherently that Percy and the cobs would choose the same moment to drop dead. That, we thought, would reduce jerkiness to a minimum.

Then the sleigh stopped abruptly. We lifted ourselves out from under the gifts and peeped over the edge of the sleigh thinking we were now in Meadow Prospect square, and I gave the note for the song we were to sing in answer to the cheers of the waiting children.

There were no cheers, no children. We were still on the moorland. On our right a road climbed north over the hills. Percy was staring at a sign-post. On it was the name of the town where we had heard Percy had left his wife and children. His face was very sad. Our pity burst its buttons. We hummed one of the hymns we knew had coaxed tears from Percy in the past. They did so now and ruined the top part of his beard. I went close to him and whispered something to him about Christmas being the time of restitution, of healing. I had heard one of my teachers say it. It had moved me. It catapulted Percy.

Percy raised his hand to the sky and shouted that he was going home, home, home. Then he gave one of the most dramatic laughs I've ever heard. It astonished us and maddened the cobs. They started up the hillside road almost leaving their harness in the sleigh.

We reached Percy's native township. He drove the sleigh into a street of minute, dingy dark-grey houses. Percy got off and made for one of the doors. Four times between the middle of the road he stopped and looked back at us. His face seemed to have fallen back from his beard, shrunken by a cold, frightened cunning. Whatever heat or passion had fired him at the crossroads was out. I stood up in the sleigh and made a statement. I said that Christmas for Meadow Prospect would be complete if Percy were to return there with his wife, children and the fact of a life redeemed, all the ghosts of his ancient folly laid.

He knocked on one of the doors. A woman opened it. She had the look of one who, after years of fingering, has fought her way from beneath a classic load of social rubble. She looked at Percy and her face shuffled in a second from puzzled to appalled. Percy went in. We shouted on him to take some gifts but he did not turn back. He was out again in a few moments followed by the woman. I heard her ask "Who was it you were looking for?" "Percy Ferguson," he said. "He's been gone for years," she said.

Percy climbed up into the driving seat. I shouted to the woman that Percy had come back, but the sound of my voice could not be heard above the crack of Percy's whip and the hard surge of the cob's hooves. I saw the woman half-smile and her lips formed around the words "Thank God for that."

A quarter of a mile outside Meadow Prospect our gallop slackened and the sleigh stopped. Percy Ferguson pointed his whip at me. "Off the sleigh, you," he said. "Santa Claus has no place for troublemakers."

I got off. By the time I reached the town's square the gifts and the children were gone. When I was asked what I would like for next Christmas I said a muzzle for my mouth, a brake on my pity and a brick of indifference for the dissolute.

Next week: Explosion Point

The Dream Machine

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

ALWAYS hopefully on the alert for reality-surrogates, I welcomed the announcement from Electric and Musical Industries Ltd. that His Master's Voice was issuing a series of fifteen 7-inch 45 rpm standard mono sound effects records (HMV-7FX1 to -15) that enable one to experience some of the auditory excitements of "real life" without venturing out of one's own chambers.

The EMI slogan is a proud one; the HMV trade mark, the familiar picture of an astonished and devoted dog sticking its nose into the conical loudspeaker of an old-fashioned phonograph, is a modest one; both seem well suited to the qualities of these records, their power, their magically illusory verisimilitude. Get these records and you get yourself one hell of a lot of noise.

There are some dulcet exceptions (bird-song, church bells, sea washing shingle, horses galloping on turf); but the emphasis, one learns from an HMV sales leaflet, is on natural and mechanical disturbances and disasters. Typically, *Car Effects* include "approach and stop, door slam; door slam and depart; reverse, with horn; horns, sirens, approach and skid; crash"; *Air Liner* deteriorates with horribly convincing rapidity ("passing overhead, engine noise or roar, nose-dive, crash and fire"); *Space Ships*, which seems for the first forty seconds ("take off") to be such an appropriate, inspirational gift for Lord Hailsham, soon develops what seem to be dangerous imperfections ("continuous vibrate (*sic*), low hum with tick, low hum with bursts of air"), and the other side of the record, uniquely fantastic, is loud with the disconsolate ululations of "ghosts."

When my piggy bank is full again I may buy *Wind* ("gale force, high, hurricane and eerie") and *Rain* ("heavy"), which should be more soothing than barbiturates and even Primrose League oratory, and probably wouldn't be habit-forming. I'm tempted by *Applause*; sixty-four seconds of recorded hand-clapping and cheers would be good for the morale when

loved ones were falling down on their job; and three minutes and twenty seconds of the lovely melancholy mewling and wild cries of gulls, on *Sea Effects*, would be a tonic occasional reminder of ocean travel. In the meantime I have been making do with *Trains* for short imaginary escape journeys, carefully avoiding "express crash," which ends with a frightening hiss of steam from a ruptured boiler. Children, who are prepared to accept that a sofa on certain occasions may serve as a railway engine, are good companions on this sort of excursion. A boy by the name of Charles Alexander helped me the other day by explaining that the resonant tone of my train whistle was attributable to the fact that we happened to be passing through the tunnel he had just dug beneath Hyde Park.

My one-time favourite sound effects records of this new series caused so much pother, hugger-mugger, and general nastiness all round that I'll never play them again, unless I want to break my lease. The HMV leaflet suggests that any of the records may be used for "private purposes," which were what I had in mind when I retired to the day-dream-world of my record-player last Saturday; but the records may be used also, "without licence fee, for public performance by private individuals," and that, unfortunately, was what I unintentionally produced.

The church across the street, one of the busier wedding factories in Belgravia, was just mustering a throng for the third ceremony of the afternoon. They were strolling about in the forecourt in that rather deliberately casual manner in which some people show themselves in the paddock at Epsom on Derby Day. The afternoon was sunny and my windows and doors were wide open, and when I played *Air Raid on London*, loud and clear, the effect of the warbling of the warning siren was quite dynamic; even the photographers suddenly lost interest in their immediate surroundings and the duties they had been expected to do there. For all I know the bride-to-be may be a spinster still. I became

temporarily disinterested in ecclesiastical affairs when I was sluiced down with cold water. The record had proceeded past "plane approaches, AA gunfire, bombs fall" without any actual physical ill-effects; but when the jangling clangour of "fire engines" thrilled the house an overwrought guest of my landlord's, his nerves frayed by too much backgammon at Boodle's, shouted "Fire!" and seized a bucket of water and hurled it down the stairs in the direction of the alarm bells. The gramophone was now playing *Glass Crashes and Hammering* ("glass crashes, workmen hammering")—a pounding so frenetic that two plumbers, half-way through some emergency repairs in the kitchen, pronounced the job black and walked out, thus admitting a disgruntled policeman, who was met by *Dogs* ("house dogs barking, Alsatian barking, Alsatian howling, small dogs barking, yelping, barking at distance, terriers barking at intruder"). The sounds of hysterical laughing and weeping were live.



"It's clean, crisp and modern—I like it."



Under the Tombs of Paris

Elegy in a Metropolitan Churchyard

By ERIC KEOWN

IF Père Lachaise is not the largest cemetery in the world, it is hard to imagine a larger. You can be lost very agreeably for a whole morning in its monumental maze, meeting only birds and wild cats and an occasional *gardien* pulling thoughtfully on a Gauloise. Sir Thomas Browne, with his highly developed funerary sense, would have adored its crumbling melancholy; Peacock and the Gothic enthusiasts would have revelled in the grotesque assortment of tombs, sepulchres, columns and funeral statuary that, cheek by jowl on its hundred and nine acres of wooded hillside, is being eaten into steadily by the weather. These hundred and nine acres are dedicated, as only the French know how to dedicate them, *à la douleur*.

The most general form of tomb is an iron sentry box, ten or twelve feet high, with a grille in its peeling door through which can be glimpsed a shabby little altar and the desiccated remains of ancient wreaths. Often both sides of a family have got together to share expense, so that the inscription outside may read *FAMILLES DUFOUR ET ROUGEMONT*, or perhaps *FAMILLES DUCHOLLET ET MARIN*. Underneath is space for as many as seventy-five coffins. A tomb may have been cherished for three generations and then, the fourth dying out, there is no one left to care if the hinges of the door rust through or if a tree is growing slap through the middle of the family. Many of the tombs, especially in the more remote parts of the cemetery, are in an advanced state of dilapidation. I found one that was heeling over drunkenly on its side, like a large hen-coop after a flood.

The trees grow thicker as you walk up quite a steep hill from the main gates. This was a famous beauty spot of fourteenth-century Paris, when a rich grocer named Regnault built himself a mansion here that was christened by the envious *la Folie Regnault*. After his death the house was given to the Jesuits in the rue Antoine, who were allowed by Louis XIV to call it Mont

Louis. He made his confessor, Père Lachaise, its superior, and it became the centre of Jesuit activities in France. On the suppression of the order it was sold to pay its debts, and was eventually bought by the Prefect of the Seine to make a cemetery for the Vth, VIth, VIIth, VIIIth and IXth Arrondissements of Paris, though tombs could be engaged by outsiders in perpetuity.

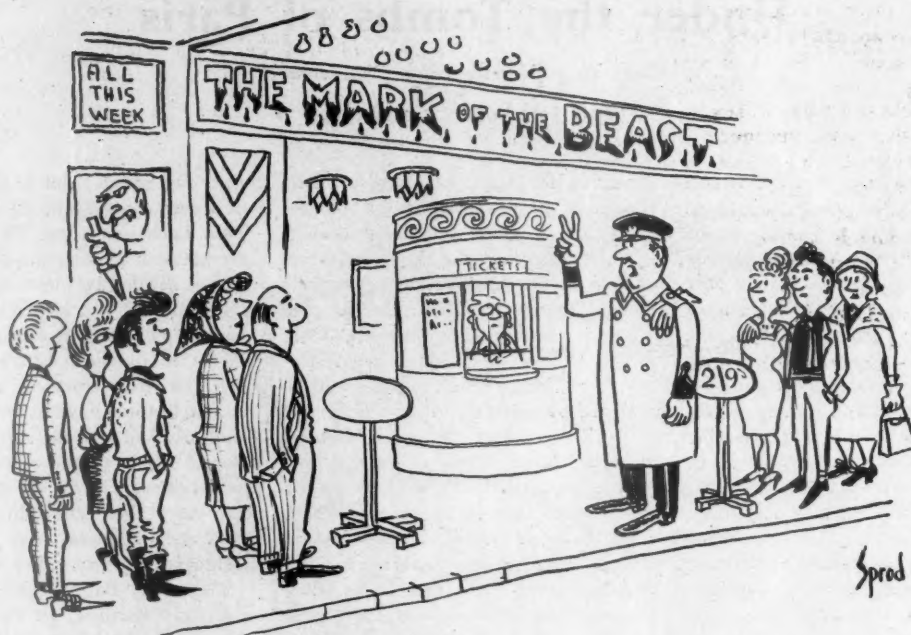
It has figured twice in history, though heaven knows it has its own rich hoard of that. In 1814, when the allies were getting close to Paris, batteries were installed on the hill which beat off two attacks by the Russians until, third time lucky, they occupied the cemetery and Paris gave in. Again, in the Commune of 1871, a fantastic battle took place among the tombs when the revolutionaries made

their last stand. But to-day the peace of accumulated death reigns in a silent Père Lachaise, where the only battles are between the cats and the birds.

It is divided by main avenues, but to right and left is a labyrinth of twisting narrow paths thickly flanked by monuments to the dead of Paris. One is given a map covered with famous names, but it is more exciting to wander aimlessly and take the surprises as they come. Some of the older tombs that have been left to rot are charming in a sad way; their crumbling steps and urns and pediments have the grace of eighteenth-century follies.

Delacroix, Balzac, Colette (a plain slab), and Barthou, the Prime Minister assassinated at Marseilles in 1934, are here. Oscar Wilde, with some parts of the anatomy of Epstein's huge Egyptian





"Two seats that have been attacked by an axe-maniac and a single with nasty lacerations and the innards ripped out."

figure worn smooth by the caresses of fetish-minded visitors; on the next tomb the replica of its occupant averts his gaze with ostentatious prudery from the frankness of Epstein's design. These are impressive, but I found it far more touching to come on the grave of Sophie Wanda Wolowski, who died "*Le 26 Septembre 1843, âgée de un an sept mois et dix-huit jours.*" This is on a simple little stone, much weathered. Every day of her short life was treasured.

Jokes are rare in Père Lachaise, but on a plaque on the tomb of Géricault, the painter, an artist named Etex has slipped a girl's leg on to a horse in a cavalry charge. This was shown to me by a *gardien*, who still thought it very funny indeed. The *gardiens* are a happy race, happy in the knowledge that they have one of the most enviable sinecures in Paris. Crime is unknown in Père Lachaise, and they claim that no ghosts walk; they are oldish family men, dressed rather like *gendarmes*, and their long intimacy with death has induced in them a philosophic view of human grief. They take pleasure in pointing out how curious it is that, judging by the inscriptions, every woman in Père Lachaise was virtuous, and stimulated by snuff or a sociable cigarette they

chuckle over the evidence of human vanity triumphing even at the last.

M. Schachères, for instance, court shoemaker to Mlle. d'Orleans, doubted his family's ability to describe his qualities as eloquently as he believed he deserved. Before his death he had an epitaph cut of his own composition, beginning shamelessly "*Bon époux, excellent père, fils respectueux,*" and covering himself at the end with "*Il fit élever ce modeste tombeau en mémoire de sa digne et respectable épouse, dans l'intention d'y être réunis pour l'éternité.*" A similar anxiety for the good opinion of posterity possessed M. Boulard, one of the royal upholsterers, who took the extraordinary trouble to go all the way to Carrara to choose the marble for a tomb which, *hélas*, was never erected. One can imagine the poignant scene as M. Boulard, in becoming black, rumbled away in a cab to the Gare de Lyon, leaving his family weeping prematurely on the pavement.

Another tomb at which the eyebrows rise slightly is that of an early industrialist, M. Lenoir-Dufresne, who died in 1806, aged 38. Its inscription reads: "*Plus de cinq milles ouvriers, qu'alimenta son génie, qu'encouragea son exemple, sont venus pleurer sur cette tombe un*

père, un ami." The picture of more than five thousand workmen in tears for their young master would be affecting, even to a Public Relations Officer. On the other side of the medal is the monument to Delille, the poet, a rare oasis of extreme modesty. It bears his name, and nothing more.

The tomb of Agathe-Euphémie Beaudy is interesting, with its echoes of what must have been a very lively family feud. She was only nineteen when she died in 1819, but her father declared in large letters that she was "*victime d'un hymen malheureux.*" Her husband, M. Piquenot, was not unnaturally incensed and took the matter to court, when the offending line was smartly erased, and a less biased wording drafted by the lawyers to satisfy both parties.

The ugliest thing in Père Lachaise is the monstrous Gothic concoction, as if a mad cake-maker had been at work, in which what was left of Abelard and Heloise after their adventures has been re-interred. One of the nicest, I think, is the small stone for Joseph Alphonse de Guille, a twelve-year-old: it says

"*Va compléter la céleste phalange, Alphonse, Dieu t'appelle; il lui manquait un ange.*"

Here and there among the more modern tombs are photographs of the occupants, caged in the stonework, fierce-looking men with bristling moustaches and stiff white collars, side by side with their stout, uncomplaining wives. Yellow china rings, giving the impression they have become detached from a Michelin advertisement, are a popular and durable addition. When I was there (in March) there were very few wreaths, but an exception was the grave of Allan Kardec, a pioneer of spiritualism who died a century ago and still gets more flowers than anyone else at Père Lachaise, at least a million a year. At any time his tomb is almost submerged in them. All Saints' Day is the signal for visitors with wreaths, and outside in the Boulevard de Menilmontant are flower-shops strategically placed.

Chopin, Bernhardt, Rachel, Scribe, Molière—one grows dizzy at so much fame, and it is a relief to come on the potheen-still engraved on the back of the monument to Antoine Augustin Parmentier, who popularized the potato in France at the end of the eighteenth century. "*Moi, je les aime sautées,*" murmured the *gardien* who led me to this homely gem.

Soon afterwards we were examining the tomb of Marie Marguerite Broquet, "*première berceuse du roi de Rome,*" when a frantic argument broke out between our *gardien* and a mason at work on a neighbouring grave. "Napoleon's son," said the *gardien* with authority and, as it happened, justification. The mason held up his hands in horror at such abysmal ignorance. "Grandson!" he shouted, pityingly. This was too much for the *gardien*, and for several drama-laden minutes both sides were hotly engaged, their protesting voices echoing bravely among the funerary piles. Then without warning the argument collapsed as suddenly as it had started, and the mason knocked off work to join us.

The party halted before the grave of an august gentleman whom a sculptor had portrayed lifesize, smiling not altogether paternally at the naked nymphs who danced round him. "I wonder why he had those?" asked the mason. "That's easy," said the *gardien*, "his wife knew what would keep him there."

The oddest memorial is the one to Victor Noir, slain in a political assassina-

tion in 1848. He is shown lying full-length in the street, just as he fell, with his bronze top-hat bowling away from him. It is a very good piece of sculpture, but, as with Wilde, parts of it are suffering from the itching fingers of fetish-worshippers.

The English graves are apt to be in little groups, as if for comfort and insular gossip. The proudest of these belongs to Sir William Sidney Smith, whose chest must have been so covered with bric-à-brac that it embarrassed his heirs. His inscription reads:

"Admiral of the Red, Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and Grand Cross of Several Foreign Orders and ..."

He had defeated Napoleon at St Jean d'Acre in 1799.

There is a large crematorium within the grounds, so efficient that one can choose between gas and electricity as the medium of incineration, and in

which the *gardien*, an ex-sailor brimming over with cheerfulness, lauded the recreational glories of Liverpool and Southampton while he showed us the refrigerator room, which he said was a convenience when the near relatives were abroad at the time of the decease.

As my 1844 edition of Galignani's *New Paris Guide* remarks soundly, "it cannot be denied that the rivalry of art which abounds here weakens the effect on the imagination which the solemn character of the place ought to inspire." The man who arranged to be remembered by a huge model of a lighthouse certainly did his best to raise the mind of the visitor above death and decay, but you have only to peer through the grille of a tomb and see the bones littering the crypt to be brought back sharply to the damp melancholy of earth, and to have funeral bells tolling in your ears and urgent thoughts of the brevity of mortal joy.

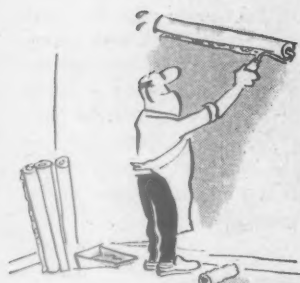


"Scusi, chaps, would you mind posing a jiff at short extra cover?"

Man Decorating

by

Carty



He Saw his Native Land

BESIDE the untidy passage-way
The tall Nigerian sat.
His head was bare, his ebon hair
Did not require a hat.
The Englishman was at his feet
Upon a little mat.

The Englishman pursued the trade
That he was practised in.
He had his colours ready made
And labelled on the tin.
He did not think of black and brown
In terms of human skin.

The African was smartly dressed,
But innocent and mild.
He bent above his out-stretched shoe
And, breathless and beguiled,
He watched the Englishman at work
And very slightly smiled.

He did not hear the booming voice
Announce the ten-to-three.
His thoughts were on his distant home,
Which seemed a lot less free.
He wished his family and friends
Were only there to see.

He dreamed of where the Niger sings
Through walls of silent stone
To where Nokoja's fabled kings
Sat on the ivory throne
And in the normal course of things
He had to clean his own.

And still the white man's near-white
hands
Worked on in white man's style
To shine the black man's night-black
shoes:
And once in every while
The black man smiled upon the white,
Who answered with a smile,

Until the job was done; and then,
Alert but still serene,
He went from what he saw in dreams
To where he should have been,
Shining and black at both extremes
And splendid in between.

— P. M. HUBBARD

Essence of Parliament

MOST people are content to dress as convention expects it of them. When it was the custom to wear top hats on Budget day they all wore top hats, and when the custom changed they were ready enough to change with it. But the psychology of the sartorial eccentric is interesting. Now that, alas, to the nation's so sad loss, Sir William Darling is no longer at Westminster we are reduced to three who dress up to greet the Budget as if it were a bird—Mr. Nabarro, Sir Colin Thornton Kemsley and Dr. Abse. It is amusing to speculate on their reasons. Mr. Nabarro would scorn to present a mystery. He is an engaging extravert who makes no bones about it that he likes to be noticed. He has indeed many other qualities. He does his home-work. He has sincere opinions which he expresses vigorously and any opponent who went ill-equipped into the battle against him would be a fool indeed. Yet there is a pleasant child behind those formidable moustaches and that glowering topper, and it would have been strange indeed had he not been in his place, waving his hat like a signal in approval of the Chancellor's announcements about raising the surtax level. Sir Colin Thornton Kemsley is a different type. Apart from his clothes he makes little attempt to impress himself on the House. He does not speak much. Few, I imagine, know the exact corpus of opinions that are concealed behind that omnibus label of Conservative and National Liberal. With him it is the eye-glass, the topper and *praeterea nihil*. Clothes here really make the man. I have not the honour of the acquaintance of Dr. Abse. It can hardly be the desire to please his South Welsh mining constituents which sends him booted and topped to Westminster where Keir Hardie before him was content with a cloth cap. Yet in many ways his is the richest, rarest get-up of all. Seated in the middle of the Socialist benches, he sported a remarkable sort of brown-biscuit suit decorated with an orchid, surmounted by exuberant side whiskers and a flat-topped bowler. The Prime Minister came into the Chamber, took one look at Dr. Abse and incontinently fled.

Clothes for Westminster

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has been unique among Chancellors in his refusal to do what is known as projecting his personality. No one knows if he is a Boy Scout, if he boils his own egg for his breakfast or if he goes yachting at the week-end, and until Monday everybody would have said, what ever else they said about him, that he was not an exuberant speaker. But something seemed to give him a new lease of life this April afternoon. The little bird—for that is what he looks like—positively hopped to think that it was no longer foreigners he had to talk to, and, like Browning's chaffinch, sang

On the orchard bough
In England—now.

He really seemed to enjoy making a Budget speech and laughed aloud at his own little jokes. "The toast of the Jaguar belt," Mr. Edelman called him.

His colleagues for the most part crowded themselves like a row of sardines on the Front Bench. Only Mr. Enoch Powell sat solitary in the gallery upstairs, twiddling furiously his thumbs. In contrast with the Chancellor, Mr. Harold Wilson almost looked like a serious economist, and indeed, though Mr. Wilson's jokes were—as they always are—of quality, it was only once that he got the House really laughing. That was when he elaborated on the quaint consequences that might follow if everybody worked harder, irrespective of circumstances. But after all the talk of surtax, heavy oils, pay rolls and the Ottoman Guaranteed Loan of 1855, by far the most important feature of this Budget is the great extension of the power of the Treasury

Regulation Unchallenged

to tax by regulation. This was strangely underemphasized in the debate. Is it because it is very much what the Socialists would like to do, if they got the chance? Sir Edward Boyle thought that it was more sensible and no more arbitrary than monkeying about with Bank Rate, and he may be right. There is of course to be an affirmative but unamendable resolution. But is it not very much what John Hampden objected to Charles I for doing? And were not Hampden's objections sound? Or weren't they?

The Government speeches, apart from the Chancellor and Sir Edward Boyle, gave an impression of overpremeditation. There is no one who is better at picking up debating points than Mr. Maudling when he feels free to do so, but this time he had clearly come in, as Mr. Wilson justly complained, prepared to answer what he thought that Mr. Wilson was going to say rather than what Mr. Wilson actually did say.

Mr. Barber on Wednesday had gone even further in preparation. "However much noise hon. members opposite may make," he boldly cried as he enunciated what he imagined to be a highly controversial point. But the trouble was that there had not been a twitter of noise from hon. members opposite. Indeed it looked highly doubtful if any of them were awake.

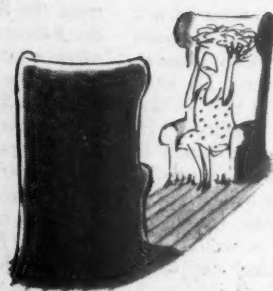
As for the rest of the debate it was pleasant to welcome Mr. Peter Walker as a bashful maiden, and we shall doubtless before long hear him again, less bashful and less maidenly. But the prize perhaps goes to Mrs. Thatcher.

Women barristers are not very common animals. A woman barrister who is also a Member of Parliament is an even rarer bird, and a woman barrister who is a Member of Parliament and as pleasant to the eyes as Mrs. Thatcher is beyond question game, set and match—a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of Parliament. I do not think that there has ever been a woman Member as competent as she to challenge the male of those fields of finance and law which the male imagines to be his monopoly. She argued that, if only the Inland Revenue authorities applied the law, there already was for all intents and purposes a capital gains tax. I am not at all sure that she was right, but it was the kind of unexpected blow which temporarily winds an opponent. I think that the admirable Mr. Houghton in a measure answered it on Thursday, but his gallantry would, I am sure, compel him to admit that he had the advantage of a night's sleeping on it to do so.

The Socialists went down heavily in the Division—even though Dame Irene Ward was with them. They do not seem to be voting very well these days! —PERCY SOMERSET



MR. SELWYN LLOYD



SOMPR



In the City



Where Will The Money Go?

THE immediate response of the stock markets to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's surprisingly imaginative and of course highly controversial Budget was a loving, grateful embrace. The surtax goodies are none the less luscious for having been confidently promised.

The investment implications of the Budget are many and confused; direct and implied. The main relief, the ultimate £83 million a year to be secured by the surtax remissions on earned income, will be felt long before the first pay-day. The careful, provident surtax payer normally makes provision in advance. Some do it by buying Tax Reserve Certificates; others by putting the money to rather more speculative work. Whatever their form these advance provisions will be immediately reduced.

What will the surtax payer do with the money he would otherwise have paid or set aside? Some will invest it and the argument that they will invest it in equities was in part responsible for the buoyancy of industrial shares on the morrow of the Budget. A fair part of the extra saving will go into new life assurance. We must look out for more record business from such companies as the Commercial Union, the Eagle Star, the Legal and General, the Sun Alliance and the London. It is not surprising that shares such as these led the post-Budget boom.

A sizeable part of that £83 million will be spent on the appurtenances of upper middle-class living—a rather better car (yet another reason for investing in Jaguars), still more gadgets in the home (Hoovers, Associated Electrical Industries, English Electric), or a second television set for the children (Electrical and Musical Industries, Murphy Radio and Thorn Electrical).

The most important investment significance of the Budget lies in the figures themselves. They represent an heroic measure of austerity. Not since the

late Sir Stafford Cripps have we seen such iron Chancellorship as Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's attempt to cover all but a negligible £69 million of his capital expenditure by a revenue surplus. Never again will he be referred to as "Mister Celluloid." This will impress the foreigner; it will also impress the gilt-edged market, since the Government will in the course of next year find itself so flush with money that it will be able to buy up its own securities in large amounts.

The most imaginative and controversial part of the proposals are the powers to be given to the Chancellor to shift indirect taxation by more than £400 million and to introduce a "skull" tax (as they call it in Africa) of up to 4s. per head per week, which could mulct trade and industry of £200 million per annum. The intention in

In the Country



Down in the Forest

A "COLLECTION of bones" recently found by a dog in Epping Forest was later reported to be the remains of a hiker (male) who about two years earlier had sat down by a tree and died. Six years ago a comparable find was reported from Kielder Forest. Once I was walking through Savernake Forest with the forester in charge when he pointed to a dense thicket and said, "Last summer I saw a motor-bike there. I went to investigate and found a chap had committed suicide. A rubber tube was fixed to the exhaust."

Any forest is liable to have two popular faces. From one aspect it is a place of rather horrid mystery where people get lost—and possibly starve to death or are eaten by savage beasts or kidnapped by ogres (Babes in the Wood and Little Red Riding Hood) or merely murdered. And foresters who don't want intrusion know that it is good policy to leave roadside plantations rather thorny and under-thinned (looking dark and forbidding).

each case is to provide more flexible weapons for controlling the economy. Here is another demotion for monetary policy, Bank rate and all that; but at the cost of new uncertainties. It will be not only at Budget time that we shall have to sense the future intentions of the Chancellor about purchase tax and the other duties which he will now have the power to shift at any time.

The possible pay-roll tax is intended to encourage industry to re-equip with labour-saving machinery. The immediate beneficiaries will be the machine-tool manufacturers, who already have order books stretching almost as far as the eye can reach. Alfred Herbert and BSA are the kind of companies that will unquestionably benefit from the attempt to make "labour intensive" into "capital intensive" industries.

— LOMBARD LANE

From its other aspect the forest is a complex of health and innocence, of peace and beauty, of sanctuary for wild song-birds and refuge for small furry things too much persecuted. Here, too, there is some truth, though it's a trifle odd that the forest, once the harbour of the king's near-sacred tall deer, is now often faulted by farmers for being a reservoir of detested vermin—from jays to foxes.

The immediate or Janus-like juxtaposition of the contrasts is often piquant. Visiting an East Anglian forest a few years ago on business I recall noticing first the largest collection of red squirrel tails I'd ever seen (the little darlings are little devils with conifers) and next how carefully the forester locked his van whenever we left it. I questioned him. "Borstal boys," he said. "Whenever they escape from—, they most likely head for the forest. Soon they get hungry and come out," he added, "but I must always lock up."

Once I read out to a Polish forester-friend a eulogy of forests and their noble and elevating if intangible effects on people and national character—by Schlich, sometime professor of forestry at Oxford. "Ah!" he commented. "But Schlich was a sentimental German! You know as well as I do that forests have always been the favourite refuges of murderers, robbers and others fleeing from justice."

It has been said of the English that they hate forests but love trees. Make of that what you will.

— J. D. U. WARD



AT THE PLAY

Twelfth Night (OLD VIC)
The Tenth Man (COMEDY)
Breakfast for One (ARTS)

IT is comforting to find a young producer—Colin Graham—prepared to stand by Shakespeare's text and produce him without fancy embellishments. We have had too much of the other sort of producer lately, and personally I am very tired of him. The only notion introduced by Mr. Graham in his *Twelfth Night* is commendably neat: when Malvolio discovers the letter it is stuck to his foot, with chewing gum I suppose.

Alix Stone has set the play in a charming garden scene that suggests Constable, or even more, Watteau, and dressed it effectively from the early

eighteenth century. In the two most important parts the production is strong. Barbara Jefford, now a very capable and seasoned actress, makes a splendid Viola, who assumes a boy's clothes as if she were born to them, and easily persuades us of her passion for Orsino. And Alec McCowen's Malvolio is a small-scale triumph, jerky and pernickety and very funny; it is a good idea to show him as the kind of alert, bird-like civil servant who loves obstruction for its own sake. While we are praising, let us include Michael Meacham's well-spoken Orsino and Barbara Leigh-Hunt's Maria, who gets down to the job of baiting Malvolio with eager enjoyment.

On the fringe of praise is Stephen Moore's Aguecheek, whose haverings and quaverings are a little too inhibited to be really amusing. And then we come

to Joss Ackland's rather sinister Sir Toby. In a programme note Mr. Graham points out with justification that there is nothing in the play to show that Sir Toby is fat, foolish or elderly. There is, however, every indication that he must be funny, and here Mr. Ackland fails. This is sad, and the sadness increases with Ann Bell's shrewish Olivia and Tom Courtenay's constant emphasis on melancholy as Feste. It remains an interesting production, but it is Autumn and not high Summer and it leaves the uncomfortable impression that it is in abject misery that Feste has gone away to hang himself.

I came some days late to *The Tenth Man*, by Paddy Chayefsky, and it happened that I had missed the notices, so that it came as a complete surprise. At the tail of a long run of first-nights it was exactly the tonic I needed, a highly original play whose drama takes one by the throat and yet leaves one weak from laughter. To say that it is about a shabby synagogue in New York facing the problem of a young girl possessed by a dybbuk is merely to confuse it with *The Crucible* and *The Devils*. It is a much warmer and simpler, and also a much lighter, piece than either of these. The old members of the synagogue, who use it as a kind of morning club, are magnificently drawn; they are all characters in the full sense, rich in language and feeling, and but for the prayer-shawls and the accents it would be easy to imagine the play, with its strange mixture of reverence and irreverence, taking place in Dublin.

There is a sub-plot of a young unbelieving Jew, dragged in to make a quorum, who is bent on suicide and is saved by his love for the girl. The excitement sags a little in the middle of the second act, but recovers quickly as the ceremony of exorcism approaches. A marvellous team of character-actors has been assembled, and it is deployed with the utmost effect by Donald McWhinnie. David Kossoff and Martin Miller give brilliant performances, the one as a benevolent cynic and the other as a bumbling old man with his finger in as many pies as possible. The only woman in the cast, Valerie Gearon, is



[*Twelfth Night*

Viola—BARBARA JEFFORD

frighteningly good as the victim of the dybbuk, and Cyril Shaps as a holy old cabalist and David Knight as the unhappy young man are excellent. *The Tenth Man*, in short, is a dramatic, touching, and very funny play.

Breakfast for One is a competent but rather dreary study of an unhappy marriage, by James Doran. A tiresomely angry young man with a tremendous chip on his shoulder about the Establishment and no will to work drifts apart from his hard little wife, who makes no attempt to understand and has an idiotically possessive mother who puts that fine actress, Mary Hinton, in a most unenviable spot throughout the evening.

The blame is about fifty-fifty. I should have hated to be married to either of them. She takes a lover and goes off, after returning for one medicinal night to save her husband's reason, and he resists seduction by a Chelsea vampire so as to keep the custody of his small son, and departs for Italy to write a novel in which we can have little faith.

Mr. Doran is not a dull writer, he can be witty, but these people would have to be much more interesting or amusing to make them tolerable. They are selflessly taken by Jill Bennett and Jack Hedley. Mr. Hedley plays the husband well enough, in spite of his endless vacillations, to make me almost sorry for him.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Rehearsal (Globe—12/4/61), good Anouilh very well acted. *The Irregular Verb to Love* (Criterion—19/4/61), another witty domestic tangle from Hugh and Margaret Williams. *On the Brighter Side* (Phoenix—19/4/61), gay new revue.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Magnificent Seven *Sanctuary*

THERE is no need to remember Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai* while watching *The Magnificent Seven* (Director: John Sturges)—indeed, they're evidently not keen that you should, for reference to the fact that this is an adaptation of that narrative (or, as the press handout has it, the "basic storyline") is made only in small type on the screen for a brief moment under the name of the producer. This can be taken quite straightforwardly as a big colour Western, full of the usual props,

The Budget

The advertisements in this issue of *Punch* were printed before the Budget, which may have affected the prices quoted. You should make sure from your retailer or from the advertiser direct what is the present correct price.



Chris—YUL BRYNNER

Calvera—ELI WALLACH

incidental as well as material. It comes over very well if you accept the characters and events as they are; no need to trace references, to regard them as ingenious 1880-Western equivalents of people and things and actions in a story of sixteenth-century Japan.

It is in fact a good, well-done Western, often splendid visually (Panavision Technicolor photography: Charles Lang, Jr.). I hesitate, five or six years and a thousand or twelve hundred films later, to be so positive as some about comparing it with the original source; but it seems safe to say that anything that lifts it out of the run of Westerns can be put down to that.

The situation is this. The farmers of a little Mexican village that is regularly terrorized and despoiled by bandits hire some professional gunmen from further north to protect them. First they find a leader, Chris (Yul Brynner), and he recruits six more with (for the plot) usefully broad and obvious differences in character, aspect and gun- or knife-fighting technique. Then it is a question of preparing the village, and the villagers, for the next attack: fortifications, earnest attempts to train the men of the place to shoot, a look-out alarm system (signals from hill to hill). The attack comes, the bandits are driven off, the villagers want to get rid of their dangerous defenders; but then come more attacks, until the bandits are utterly routed, though three or four of the seven, as well as a number of villagers, are killed in the battle. The final point is the same as that of the original: the real victors in the fight are not the rootless professional fighters, but the farmers, the peasants, who have their land and keep ordinary life going.

The people, to be sure, are types—the publicity even emphasises this by giving

nearly every one of the seven a single adjective ("the strong one," "the greedy one," and so on); and in the early scenes when Chris is choosing and assembling them each has his own little illustrative episode. But these are all well and entertainingly done (spectacular quickness on the draw never fails to make its effect), the violent battles are impressive and exciting, the visual beauty is considerable, and in spite of some remarkably slow and sometimes quite out-of-character philosophizing in the dialogue towards the end, the whole thing is very good value.

Sanctuary (Director: Tony Richardson) is Faulkner at, to put it mildly, several removes. It's not a film of the title novel: the credits say "based on novels and a play" by Faulkner, "adapted for the stage by Ruth Ford" . . . and the screenplay itself is by James Poe. But the main trouble with it is the usual one with filmed novels by no matter whom—telescoping and compression of time, the necessity to show effects without enough build-up of their causes. One instance here is striking. The young Southern beauty Temple Drake (Lee Remick) is raped by the cruel racketeer Candy (Yves Montand). Much is made of the horror of this episode: the sordid shack, Temple's increasing fear, suspense as she helplessly waits, terror, appalled shock, misery . . . But then Candy takes her to a New Orleans brothel and keeps her there as his mistress, and within a few minutes of screen time she is obsessed with him and loving every moment of it. In a book, words read in three or four minutes can convey a sense of the passage of time; in a film, such a change of heart in three or four minutes



"National Farmers' Union—who is that grumbling, please?"

can only seem ludicrously quick. Another instance: Candy is believed killed in a car crash, Temple marries, and then after five or six years Candy comes back, with just four muttered words of explanation ("It was Dog Boy"—i.e., the body in the wreckage was someone else's). That's all, and they at once resume where they left off.

Great trouble has been taken with all the physical and period details (Yves Montand's soft-hatted racketeer is oddly reminiscent of George Raft in early gangster films, though perhaps that was not deliberately contrived), and the players do their jobs well enough; but the thing is without any feeling, any atmosphere. Goodness knows it should be steaming with every kind of emotion, but one watches it unmoved.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the Indian *The World of Apu* (12/4/61), an experience worth having; *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60)—catch that before it's dubbed; *The Greengage*

Summer (19/4/61), notable for more than Susannah York's performance; Disney's best cartoon for years, *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* (5/4/61); and the reissue of Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train*, still characteristically effective after nearly ten years.

Best new release: the very bright, enjoyable comedy *The Facts of Life* (8/3/61—103 mins.).

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Ask Uncle Arthur

ON the last page of his brisk autobiography, *Headlines All My Life*, Arthur Christiansen switches from newspapers to television and muses upon the new career opening before him: "It seems to me that they are similar mediums, differing only in that television animates the scene while the printed word 'freezes' it . . . both have the same possibilities for educating, encouraging and entertaining—and both the same possibilities for falsification, intrusion and lack of proportion." And he adds: "It will be fun to have straddled the twin giants in one lifetime and, I hope, to have made a good effort on behalf of both."

Well, so far as *one* reader-viewer is concerned, I can report to Mr. C. that he is doing an even better job as an educationist with TV than he did with the *Express*. For one thing of course he no longer has Beaverbrook round his neck,

so that in middle age he is at last able to entertain original ideas without reference to the Crusader's nutty black-list and imperious do's and don'ts. And again, TV seems to suit Christiansen's racy, commercial twist of thought down to the ground. For several weeks now I have looked at a little Associated-Rediffusion programme called "The Warning Voice," of which Mr. C. is editorial adviser, and I think it is doing a very useful job. It deals with the kind of problem that one finds in the popular newspaper's editorial columns ("Ask Uncle Arthur") and supplies information and man-to-man advice of elementary quality but real importance. During the last war a paternal government took space in the ad. columns to instruct the general public about such matters as buying the right food, growing vegetables, keeping warm, avoiding accidents, and so on, and if we had a paternal government to-day we should still have these commercially disinterested and vitally instructive bulletins from the various ministries. Instead we get "The Warning Voice," and I hope it gets looked at.

The latest edition, "Mind Your Money," dealt with saving and investment, pointing out the awful snags confronting the small, inexpert investor who wants to dabble in Stock Exchange and other dreams of affluence. It avoided technicalities, stressed the human hard-luck angle and repeatedly urged the importance of sound advice. There are now more than three million direct shareholders in Britain, and only a handful of them know one side of a balance sheet from the other. It is not surprising therefore that thousands are duped every year and confidence in the system thereby destroyed. What is surprising is that the job of enlightenment in our affluent society should depend on the whim of a circulation-conscious press or a rating-conscious television service. What are the Stock Exchange Council, the Ministries of Pensions and Education doing about it? "Mind Your Money" was written by Alan Reeve-Jones and produced by Colin Clews.

For the record (late though it is) I must mention the superb Eurovision telecast from Moscow. The Russians had obviously gone to town on the Gagarin reception: there were cameras everywhere and they all, in spite of the throng, seemed to have a perfectly clear track into the heart of the proceedings. I was amused by the commercial channel's editing of the event (as lifted from BBC Television): obviously the people at the Muscovite airport and in Red Square didn't make quite enough noise for an ad.-stunned audience, so the background din was boosted for the occasion. I tried to identify the additional rhubarb-rhubarb stuff, but couldn't quite manage it. There were suggestions though here and there that it had been culled from Wembley or Twickenham. I'd like to know.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Theatre," Belgrade Theatre, Coventry.

England and Australia Cricket Centenary Exhibition at Qantas Empire Airways, Piccadilly, from April 26, includes *Punch* drawings on the Test Match theme.

BOOKING OFFICE

JOHN BULL, GENTLEMAN

By SIMON RAVEN

A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons. Martin Green. Longmans, 18/-

"I WAS BORN," writes Martin Green, "into a lower-class family . . . but at eleven . . . I was sent free to the county grammar school, and at eighteen to Cambridge." Bully for you one might think. But not a bit of it. "By then," Mr. Green complains, "I was a gentleman, beyond hope of reprieve, radically separated from my home and relations . . ." Something had gone wrong with the success story, and in this series of lucid and entertaining essays Mr. Green explains what it was.

In *A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons* we are told how the author in his dissatisfaction turned variously to France, Turkey and the United States, and of the conclusions about England which travel and comparison induced. The trouble, it seems, is this: the cultural scene in England is dominated by the gentleman and his image. By "gentlemen," of course, Mr. Green means not only people of birth or wealth but also those many who, like himself, have been snatched from humble circumstances by our educational apparatus, processed by our Universities, and finally corrupted by the traditional gentlemanly attitudes which Mr. Green so deeply deplores. And what are these attitudes? Well, they insist on aesthetic values at the expense of moral ones: their emphasis is on elegance rather than truth, on form rather than feeling: they embody irony, wit and cynicism, they reject charity and the "inner life." The gentleman image, says Mr. Green, is aptly illustrated by Olivier's performance in the film of *Richard III*. "His Richard has no feelings, no thoughts, but self-assertion. He conquers by sheer force of will, fascinating the Lady Anne, confusing and hypnotizing his foes . . ." Seen at his best as Sir Walter Raleigh and at his worst as the Baron in *Cinderella*, the gentleman is in any case destructive because he uses an assumed superiority to arbitrary and malicious ends—to bully the Indians, that is, or to bilk his creditors. In a word, he is undemocratic to his finger-tips.

Mr. Green then urges that we replace this outrageous *persona* with one more representative of true English "decency." He cites four examples of the kind of man he wants—D. H. Lawrence, F. R. Leavis, George Orwell, and Kingsley Amis—and very nice too, but he then proceeds, by depersonalizing the men themselves and taking the dreariest features of their work, to assemble a distinctly unappetizing type-figure of all the virtues he finds necessary to a modern society. This ideal citizen never aspires to "elegance or magnificence of the aristocratic kind"; wears open-necked shirts and wheels bicycles about; wouldn't dream of seducing anyone but thinks only of "marriage, domesticity, filial and parental duties"; has an "unemphatic" face but is as masculine as he is wholesome; is "not Europeanized" (snails . . . ugh); and is "hostile to all elaborateness or eccentricity" whatsoever. Behold Mr. Green's model for the Democratic Man 1961: a stuffy, scruffy, boring, insular, complacent prig.

Mr. Green then drives his lesson home with a fascinating essay in which he puts his champions into the arena against all comers from horrid, decadent, "gentlemanly" Bloomsbury. But by

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



Not for the squeamish

this time, if not long before, we have got our author's number. As a dutiful, albeit promoted, son of the lower class, Mr. Green is simply singing a sophisticated and more widely applied version of the old song, "Little Angelina, or The Squire's Victim." The rich are wicked (and often clever) and spend their time seducing the poor, who are decent and believe in early marriages. All of which is true enough; but it does not make the Squire any less robust or Angelina any less of a ninny.

NEW FICTION

The King of Athelney. Alfred Duggan. Faber, 18/-

The Trend Is Up. Anthony West. Hamish Hamilton, 18/-

I Shall Not Hear The Nightingale. Khushwant Singh. John Calder, 18/-

The Temptation of Don Volpi. Alfred Hayes. Gollancz, 15/-

THE KING OF ATHELNEY is an account of the reign of Alfred written as a novel and using the novelist's freedoms. This carefully drafted avoidance of the term "historical novel" is intended neither as a criticism of Mr. Duggan as an entertainer nor as a warning against him as an historian. He develops the method used by Mr. Robert Graves, making the past more comprehensible by inserting modern kinds of self-consciousness into characters from ages so remote that their thoughts would be as meaningless to us as a baby's. The man in this book is not the historical Alfred, though he does the things the historical Alfred did. He exists somewhere between Alfred and us. By this method Anglo-Saxon ideas on kinship and kingship are made easily digestible without holding up the exciting political and military action. Only the part where we see Alfred law-making does not quite come off. For the reader who has never had the exhilarating experience of a thorough grounding in Stubbs's *Charters* it may be a bit bewildering. Mr. Duggan is always as gripping and convincing as Mr. C. S. Forester; indeed, between battles his Alfred is nearly as sensitive a soul as Hornblower.

The Trend Is Up kept me interested although it is quite remarkably like other American novels. There are no Ibsenite revelations from the dark past as in *By Love Possessed*, which otherwise it rather resembles, and the story is a pretty straightforward linear progression through two generations of a family; but the characters are so real to Mr. West that he communicates his excitement over them. He triumphs over a hackneyed story partly because where other writers about the sorrows of the rich, vitality versus conversation, Boston versus Gulf development, dipsomaniac mothers with daughters fixated on homosexuals and similar routine topics are

always slowing down for a chunk of rueful interior monologue, Mr. West prefers to pack in another scene. I remained present and alert to the end, although the print shows through the paper and my eyes began to ache.

I Shall Not Hear The Nightingale is much harder at the core than many of the Indian novels whose charm we are expected to drool over. It is set in a Sikh family in 1942. The father is the British Deputy Commissioner's leading officer, torn between his family's traditional loyalty to Britain and the need to keep in with the Nationalists. His wife is illiterate, strong-minded and deeply religious: the book is punctuated by accounts of the Sikh ceremonies through which she drags her slightly reluctant family. The son is a student who becomes openly involved with the respectable Opposition and secretly with the terrorists. The characters are rather heavily labelled, as in an eighteenth century comic novel or a nineteenth century school story. The father is unflinchingly obsequious and grandiloquent and the British administrator is always vaguely liberal and kind and liable to tread heavily on proffered corns; like all novels set west of Suez it is full of hurt feelings. But the scene is new and the story holds its initial impetus and I liked it.

According to his publishers, Mr. Hayes has some claims to be considered one of the two most distinguished American novelists. Even if they are piling it on and it should really be four or even six, I feel slightly uncomfortable in saying that the three stories in *The Temptation of Don Volpi* seem to me to

take an inherently interesting and unusual episode, bring it to the boil in a scene of emotional violence, then raise an eyebrow and let the reader fend for himself. The people and the odd events are interesting, stimulating and raise questions; but what makes me slightly doubtful is that the writing is rather too often pompous. However, I am glad I have read it.

— R. G. G. PRICE

GOD'S PLENTY

A Prime Minister Remembers. Francis Williams. Heinemann, 21/-

"To Professor Laski,

MY DEAR HAROLD,—Your letter has just reached me and I hope you will make useful contacts in the Scandinavian countries . . . There is widespread resentment in the Party at your activities and a period of silence on your part would be most welcome. Yours ever, CLEM."

"Having to deny what was the truth was no doubt hard on a Christian like Stafford, but he wouldn't have let it worry him if he'd had any sense."

Of his own life as Prime Minister, "I read the whole of Gibbon when I was Prime Minister just at week-ends at Chequers. You live on the job of course which is a great advantage. I saw more of my family when I was at No. 10 than ever before or after."

What splendid stuff it all is—all the terse single-sentence verdicts on colleagues, Air-Marshals and Mr. Jinnah. Here is the last of the great English characters—the man who has succeeded as none of his predecessors succeeded and no successor as yet gives signs of succeeding, in giving unity to the Labour Party. The passages on his ignorance of the nature of the atom bomb and on India are particularly interesting. Perhaps most immediately topical is his defence for voting against the service estimates before the war.

"You see, there's always been in the House of Commons the consideration that voting against the Estimates did not mean that you refused to supply the stuff but that you were voting against the policy. There was a wangle of John Simon's quite early on, when he claimed that we were against any provision for the armed forces because we voted against the Estimates, although of course he'd done the same thing himself in the past."

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

PITY THE POOR CUSTOMER

The Strategy of Desire. Ernest Dichter. Boardman, 25/-

Letters to Salesmen. Stuart Thomson. The World's Work (1913) Ltd., 18/-

These two books have a curious common background. Mr. Dichter, head of the flourishing Institute for Motivational Research, sets out to bring to light the underlying unguessed impulses that govern everyday choice and decision. His ideas, if not always his arrangement

of them, are clear, subtle, often exciting. He will tell you why an American president is elected or equally willingly why one make of detergent scores over another. He will carry you to seemingly irresistible heights of philosophic speculation, almost persuading you—confound him!—that just so indeed did your mind work when you chose this house, this car, this political party rather than that one and suddenly you will find him discussing at the same level and for a length of several pages such vital topics as "the real meaning of soup" or the brand personality of a vacuum cleaner. Being dominated by the notion that to persuade people to buy anything, more especially anything they do not want, is a genuine patriotic achievement, he can pass from beer to international goodwill, or from variable Church attendance to the emotional values of silk ribbon and suffer no sense of bathos or even a disposition to smile. He is a Prophet Isaiah pushing chewing-gum.

Mr. Thomson, starting from the same preposterous theory, has compiled a volume of letters to fellow salesmen filled with admirable advice on how to sell more and still more, little letters at fourth form level, condescendingly charming, stressing the virtues of tidiness, politeness, diligence, persuasiveness, all directed to the one vacillating purchaser and the one glad end—the sale.

To neither of these men does the intrinsic value of the stuff they get rid of matter one bit. They will laud and magnify competing products without hesitation and have no weak moments about value for money or the casting aside of the good old in favour of the professedly more desirable new. They compass sea and land to make one "contact" and having found him they hang on until the golden moment when the "contact" becomes a "client." That is the whole of life. In neither book does the word "customer" ever appear.

— C. CONWAY PLUMBE

WHICH WAY TO TURN?

Which Way to Turn? Napoleon's Last Chance. Claude Manceron. Translated from the French by Joanna Richardson. Cape, 18/-

Napoleon. Maximilien Vox. Everygreen Books, 6/-

After Waterloo and the abdication, Napoleon could probably have escaped to the United States. An American brig, chartered for Joseph Bonaparte, was waiting off Royan; a fast schooner was later available which might well have evaded the British blockade. Here was just the chance Napoleon would normally have snapped up. And his sequel might have been most extraordinary.

But Napoleon had lost grip; he hesitated between various courses and botched them all, his eagle vision clouded with illness, emotions and fatigue. The popular acclaim at Niort and Rochefort, both cities which had prospered under





"Any of you chaps name of Kelly?"

his government, made him miscalculate, though he was realist enough to know that his military situation was hopeless. In the end he chose the worst course, next to getting caught by Blücher, who would have shot him out of hand. With a gesture which by French standards appeared sublime and by English standards ridiculous, he told the Prince Regent that he came "like Themistocles, to sit at the hearth of the British people" and seek the protection of the most powerful, the most constant and the most generous of his enemies. When their captive was safely in the hands of the Navy His Majesty's Government replied that the Prince Regent was officially unaware of the existence of an Emperor Napoleon: only a General Bonaparte was recognized. It was perhaps as well, for the hypnotic charm of this "Incorrigible Great Man," which subdued the entire crew of the *Bellerophon*, would have won over the Prince Regent in half an hour.

Naturally the Emperor, in his superb egotism, was unaware that the English regarded "Boney" as at once an ogre and a joke. The hard decision of their Government sent him to rot on St. Helena. In terms of power politics they could hardly do anything else, if his treatment there was inexcusable. M. Manceron has written a brilliant narrative with a vivid sense of character, place and seascape; it is admirably translated and deserves a wide public as well as a map.

Save for its unusual illustrations, M. Vox's allusive pastiche has little to recommend it. The opening sentence sets the tone. Napoleon, who of course only put new eighteenth century theories of movement into shattering execution, is "A Picasso of strategy." Here is much odd detail, much of it scabrous, but it will be no revelation to his admirers

that the Man of Destiny was a howling cad.
— JOHN BOWLE

THE MAGIC OF CRITICISM

Essays and Introductions. W. B. Yeats. Macmillan, 36/-

Though he was as mad and bad a critic as most good poets, Yeats's writings on art and literature make amusing reading. He could dismiss a good poet with contempt for not fitting into his own elaborate scheme of the world, but could write with almost fanatical sympathy of someone like Blake, whose work was of use to him. Most of the time though he seems to be writing about himself in his curious, clean, stilted prose, and very illuminating he is. Reading his poetry one is always tempted to believe that his belief in magic was a useful pose—mask and cothurnus—to support the hierarchical tones; but it won't do; no one could have gone to the trouble of interweaving a mere fancy so elaborately with his actual thought as Yeats does here. He believed it all right.

Another pleasure is, of course, the gossip: if more criticism nowadays contained sentences like "Some twelve years ago political enemies came to Senator Gogarty's house while they knew he would be in his bath and so unable to reach his revolver . . ." it would command a wider audience than it does.
— PETER DICKINSON

REPORTER AT PLAY

Better Than Working. Patrick Skene Catling. Faber, 18/-

Before he joined *Punch*, Mr. Catling was a foreign correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*—a career that his father had commended to him as "better than working." This book is a dashing and funny account of the whole eleven years he spent in that role; and if the book is inclined to sour one on foreign reporting in general, it certainly makes a most delightful introduction to Mr. Catling in particular. Here he is writing a book on

Jane Russell and adding "Holy Bible—\$7.50" to his expense account (Miss Russell speaks in tongues); here he is covering the Korean war (and setting an army tent on fire with Patrick O'Donovan), the Guatemalan revolution (which was, he says, fought with both sides using Esso road-maps) and the Suez war (which he goes to, wearing Bermuda shorts, in a taxi). When he is made chief of the *Sun's* London bureau he learns to live at the level of £5,000 a year; his tastes change; and a return to Baltimore convinces him that he is on the edge of the male menopause. Opting for civilization at last, he takes a job on *The Guardian*. It is the capacity (which Catling shares with Anthony Carson) to measure the raffish against the civilized that makes this such a lively, intelligent book.
— MALCOLM BRADBURY

CREDIT BALANCE

Immortal Longings. Stephen Findlay. Gollancz, 21/-. An inquiry into the possibility of survival after death which embraces not only religious arguments but scientific discussion based on the recent startling discoveries in the field of extra-sensory perception, and especially of precognition. Disturbing and yet consoling, learned yet lucid, it is clearly a very important book.

Solitary Confinement. Christopher Burney. Macmillan, 13/6. An intelligent and sensitive Englishman's account of eighteen months' solitary confinement in a small cell after arrest by the Gestapo while working for the French resistance. It deserves to be placed alongside E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room*, and no praise could be higher than that.

Great Britain. Jean Bailhache (tr. Alan Neame). Vista Books, 6/-. One of a really excellent series, this gay, frank guide to the British combines intrinsic readability with a store of the proper kind of information. The illustrations are as good as the text.

God's Children with Tails. Violet Campbell. Herbert Jenkins, 21/-. The title betrays a certain coyness in Mrs. Campbell's approach to the animal kingdom; but by and large her stories of the wild animals in Kenya with whom she made friends have the compulsive enchantment that goes with all such tales.



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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

Friendship

FRRIENDS are the best investment in the world. They yield a high rate of interest. Friends are the people you invite to lunch when you have bought a new blue suit. Two is the best number for such an occasion. They then can play verbal tennis, with your looks as the ball, for the entire meal. You have no idea how wonderful you look in green. Red also is very becoming. Every colour is mentioned except blue. There's nothing that makes you feel richer than to have so much interest paid you.

Friends get in your hair and stay there. Whatever fashion comes along—page boy, windblown, Italian boy, poodle, pony tail, pouf—that's the style for you, although you notice they never change their own.

Friends don't just sit around telling you how wonderful you are the way you are. They wouldn't then be friends, but lovers. It would be the millennium, Nirvana, Paradise Regained, the Ideal State, Erewhon or, more likely, an insane asylum.

My friends are such good friends that their passion for changing things doesn't stop with my person. They come into my house and change things. And I let them do it. I haven't taken Mr. Carnégie's course, but if I didn't let them do it I know I'd lose them forever. In fact they would become enemies. They would go around saying "Oh Adele and that house of hers. It could be so attractive if she'd just let somebody help her with it." This would mean that I hadn't allowed "somebody" to move the couch from the left side of the fireplace to the right.

My really dear friends get into my bureau drawers and closet. I was almost so unsporting as to call one of them a thief, once, when suddenly I found that all my nylons had disappeared. Part of the game is that you're never supposed to ask where anything has been put. You're supposed to know instinctively. I almost ruined my batting average over this one. But my good fairy came to my rescue by burning out the light bulb in my closet. I had to get up on a chair to put in a new one. There were my nylons, packed in screw-top glass jars found in the kitchen and arranged in a row at the back of the closet shelf. Why, didn't I know? Nylons last longer when kept away from the air.

One perfectly darling friend of mine has a magnificent sense of arrangement, doesn't know that living-room mantelpieces are a sort of proving ground for marriage. As I am an American wife, I know that the living-room mantel has to be made artistic and dramatic or I wouldn't be considered to have any kind of home at all. Our living-room mantel is made of an old log we found on the beach. Doesn't that sound chic? (It was lots cheaper than the fancy ones in the catalogues.) Over the old log I hang my latest painting. Nobody is allowed to remove that except myself. I may be putty, but even putty resists being changed into anything else.

To get back on the mantel before I get off on my paintings, in the right-angle space where the mantel joins the chimney, I have arranged a row of some sort of snail shell—whelk, I think. (There are thousands of them scattered

along the beach.) I have placed two large ones in the centre and graduated others down to cussy ones on both sides. Charming, don't you think? Anyway, my friend thought so.

The front of the mantel is a bare space that, obviously, is just the place for reading glasses, screwdrivers, pliers, scotch tape and unpaid bills that the secondary sex has managed, effortlessly, to have written into law that the husband is responsible for. The space that holds such things certainly should be considered husband territory.

On one particular afternoon that my perfectly darling friend visited me, the husband territory on the mantel was pretty well cleared. The screwdriver, pliers, glasses, et cetera, had been moved elsewhere so that a big fuss could be made about not being able to find them. The only thing in the husband territory was the car keys.

Later my husband came to get the keys. No Caesar has ever driven his army with the relentlessness with which my husband conducted the search for those keys. Every drawer was emptied. The car was pulled apart. Coat pockets were turned inside out. The sanctity of my handbag was violated. The house was topsy-turvy. No keys. Not even my husband's swear words cast their usual magic spell. The hiding-place remained unrevealed. Finally my husband gave up. He called the garage to come and make a new set. And that was that.

Several weeks later my perfectly darling friend stopped in again to visit and rearrange the mantel. She picked up one of the large shells and exclaimed "Why, you're still using the place I found for the car keys. I never thought you would! Oh, Adele, I believe I'm beginning to reform you."

I smiled my nicest smile. It looks as if it was sculptured in putty.

— ADELE GREEFF





"Just feel the quality, Madam."

Reciprocated

MEN talk of the odd caprices of womankind,
 Its lack of logic, its inconsistency;
 Little they know how we poor women find
 Them in turn a welter of mystery!

Wouldn't we like to learn, for instance, why
 They hurl their clothes and bath-towels on to the floor
 And what their standard is of a wearable tie,
 An eatable pudding, a has-to-be-kept-shut door,

And why, caring nothing for soccer or pools, they insist
 On any surrounding family shutting up
 When the news-reader gabbles his perishing Saturday list
 About teams and goals and leagues and the FA Cup—

But, bless their hearts, that's how men are. We merely
 Remark that we find them entirely mysterious
 And express the hope that they love our ways as dearly
 As theirs are cherished by wholly illogical us.

— ANGELA MILNE

Be a Deviationist

SO (as the saying goes) you are setting up as a hostess? The food will be superb of course. The conversation will scintillate. And the wine . . . Champagne? "The only drink which leaves you still beautiful," as the Pompadour murmured, "after you've drunk a lot of it." But, honestly, are you quite in that class? Beautywise? Budgetwise? Well, then, Hock, that stuff which keeps getting advertised?

Smart people are drinking Alsatian this year. To tell the truth they always have, so much so that the Emperor Domitian destroyed the Alsatian vineyards in order to protect the home market; hardly a couple of centuries later the Emperor Probus replanted them, and since then they have been producing some of the most luscious and varied white wines in the world.

Quite right, dear, it's no use giving your guests an interesting wine without some interesting jargon to go with it. This is easy, much less tiresome than those polysyllabic Hocks, since all Alsatian wines are called by the names of their progenital grape stocks. Well, there's Sylvaner, which is green and light and won't make you tight; sometimes it has a slight sparkle. Drink it in its infancy; two years old is quite enough.

Then there's Riesling, which is a bob or two more expensive, a glass or two more fuddling; the Pinot twins—Blanc and the more delicate Gris, which has been described as "a comfortable wine, very solid, perfectly balanced but without any special character" (like the sort of husband mothers choose for daughters); Muscat—green, fruity and expensive; and finally Traminer or Gewurztraminer, which varies madly with the weather—the sunnier the sweeter—I have heard its bouquet called "insolent" and it's said to be popular in Paris.

There you are, dear. That should set you up for the evening. The drinkers can drink something nice. The listeners can listen to you holding forth. And for the aesthetically impressionable, the labels on the bottles are the prettiest in the world.

— DENIS MORRIS

Toby Competitions

No. 163—Adult Anecdote

PEOPLE are always repeating remarks made by children to adults. Let's have an anecdote, funny, tragic, revealing, what-you-will, about a remark made by an adult to a child. Limit: 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, May 3.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 163, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 160 (Tittle-Tattle)

There was a large entry of gossip-column paragraphs about Shakespearean royalty, though few competitors achieved the note of snide reverence with which columnists refer to princes. But there were plenty of odd felicities: "... the Earl of Gloucester, now happily recovering from his eye operation ..."

The winner is:

MARTIN FAGG
22 PINewood ROAD
BROMLEY, KENT



"I don't want anything palatial, just two up, two down and a cellar."

From Our Night Reporting Corps

The Time: the Witching Hour. The Place: the **Eastcheap Tavern**, top night-spot of the younger set. Leading the revels, that Brightest of Young Things, the **Prince of Wales**. Joy may have been unconfined, but we certainly weren't; and who should I find nibbling the other end of my capon's wing but **Mistress Quickly**, launcher of so many ravishing debutantes into dizzy social orbit.

"Hal is such a pet," she confided, sipping the driest of dry sacks. "My dear, it's the maddest season ever." She should know.

Also there was that gay socialite and seasoned campaigner, **Sir John ("Jack") Falstaff**, delighting us with his inimitable experiences while Director of Recruiting, Western Command.

Following are the runners-up:

Because the **Princess Miranda** has not recovered from the measles which attacked her last month, the Duke of Milan has again deferred her nuptials to our own **Prince Ferdinand**. This is the fourth postponement. Till **Duke Prospero** sailed from the Island, his daughter had lived immune from childish ailments and, on landing in Naples, fell victim to successive attacks of whooping-cough, mumps and chickenpox. May this be the last of these delays and the Royal pair speedily be united in Naples, now doffing its fading bunting for the fourth time. The Duke regrets he kept no charm to enforce his daughter's speedier immunization.

Mrs. Sylvia Beare, 12 Tyndall Avenue, Bristol, 2

A little missile has it that a certain hep chick staked out not a thousand miles from a certain alluvial delta is playing it cool with a certain five-star general whose relations with his high command are not always of the most cordial—and we mean cordial! So jazzed up are the sessions at this lady's waterside pad that rumour has it that the top brass himself is making it hot-foot from his vacation penthouse intent on putting the skids under a well-known buddy who is formally hitched to his egg-head sis. Our little missile pitches the guess that this baby's lover-boy and this baby are for the ice-pick and that events are sure cooking on gas!

Ken Geering, Den's Barn Farm, Lindfield, Sussex

Cruising along the sea coast of Bohemia, I dropped in at the dance given by **King Leontes** and **Queen Hermione** (who have denied recent reports of a break-up in their marriage) to celebrate the engagement of their daughter, **Perdita**, to **Florizel**, son of **King Polixenes**.^{*} Smiling fondly at his wife, King Leontes commented: "I welcome this additional link with our Bohemian friends." I understand **Perdita** met her fiancé while away at finishing school in Bohemia. **Queen Hermione**, making a welcome comeback to society, made a striking entry halfway through the evening, dressed in shades of stone with touches of natural rose.

^{*}An old friend of Queen Hermione's. A romance? "Oh, no. We were just good friends," she laughed gaily.

Miss A. Howlett, 78 Redcliffe Gardens, London, S.W.10

Prince Hamlet last night commenced his employment (for which, at his own request, he will receive no salary) with the **Elsinore Palace Guard**. Although his watch was from 12 midnight to 3.55 a.m., he arrived at his post at 11.59 p.m. He was dressed in his customary suit of black, in mourning for his late father, with a little white shirt showing at the neck, and a dark cloak. I understand he did not attend, before leaving, the dance held by his step-father, **King Claudius**. According to **Queen Gertrude** he has been off colour lately; and I certainly thought he looked, as he left the platform by a back way at 3.58, a little pale.

M. Tomkins, Little Rose Cottage, Sleep's Hyde, St. Albans, Hertfordshire

Krauphe's Column

King Leontes was gracious enough to invite me to the Royal Wedding "for," said he as he held **Queen Hermione's** hand, "you would have been **Perdita's** governess, had she not been evacuated, as you were **Mamillius's**." What a dear little prince he was but so delicate. Yet he showed no fear of his father whom he almost uncannily resembled, even when the King was stern with him during those last sad days. And all the Court ladies adored him. He used to tease them about their make-up in such an old-fashioned way. But, best of all, he loved to listen with mother and repeat to her the funny little fairy stories I had told him.

Vera Telfer, 27 Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale, W.9

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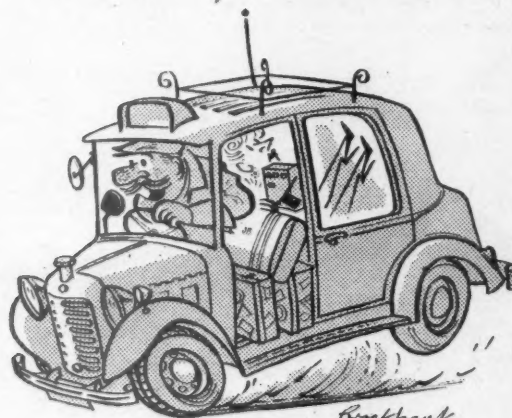
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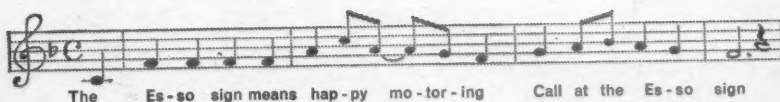
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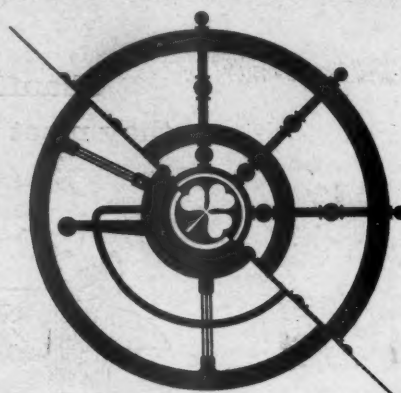
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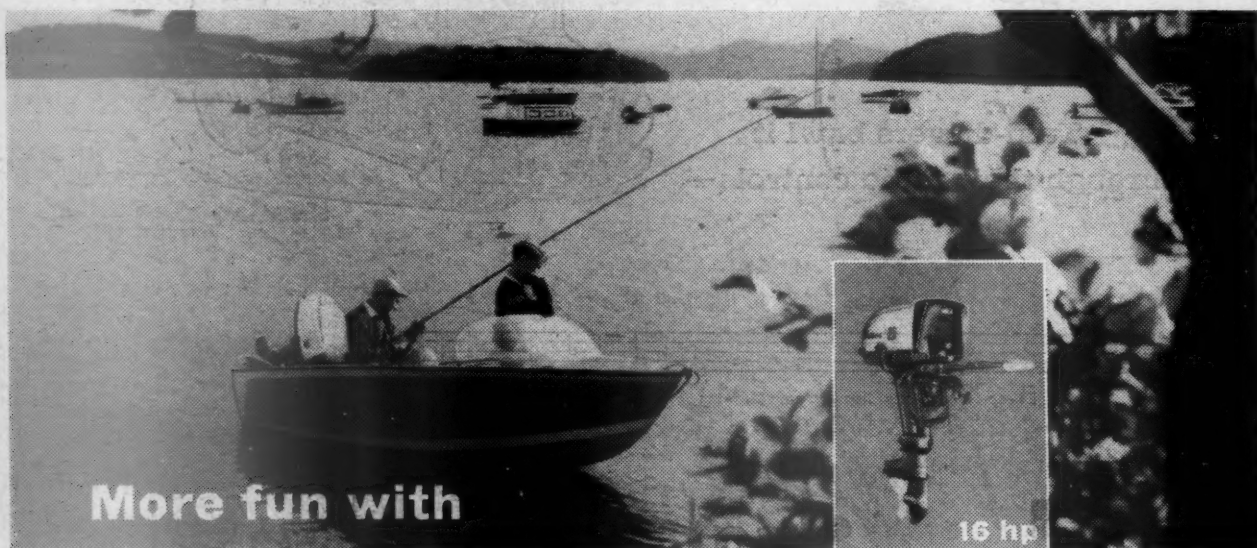
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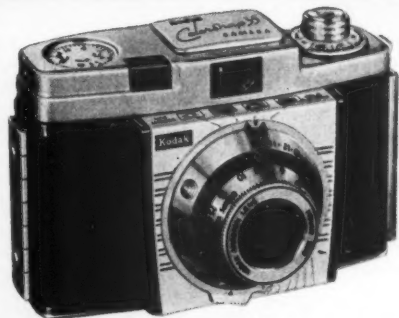
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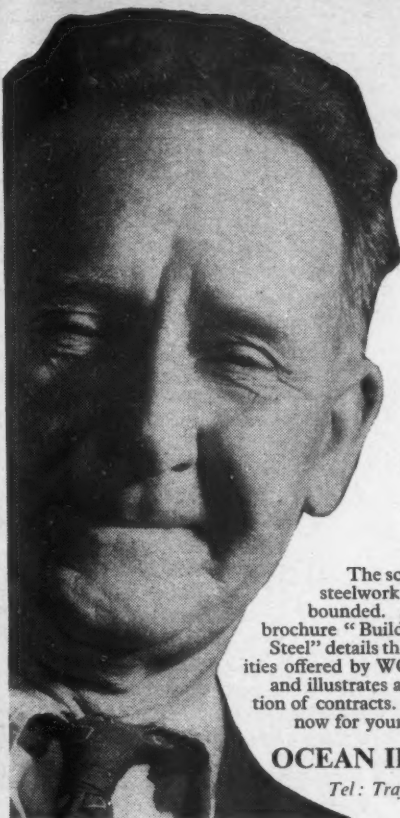
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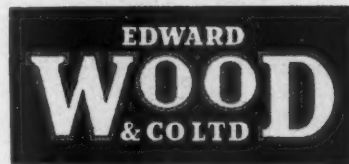


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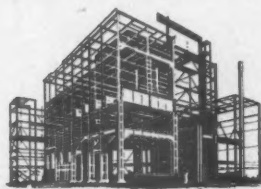
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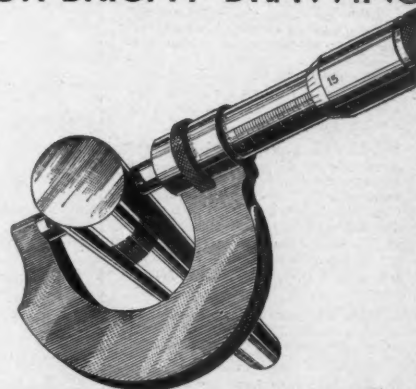
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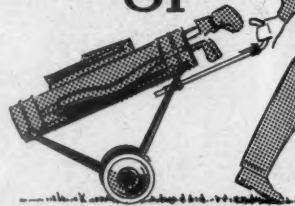
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